Saturday Review

JUNE 6, 1959 / 25¢

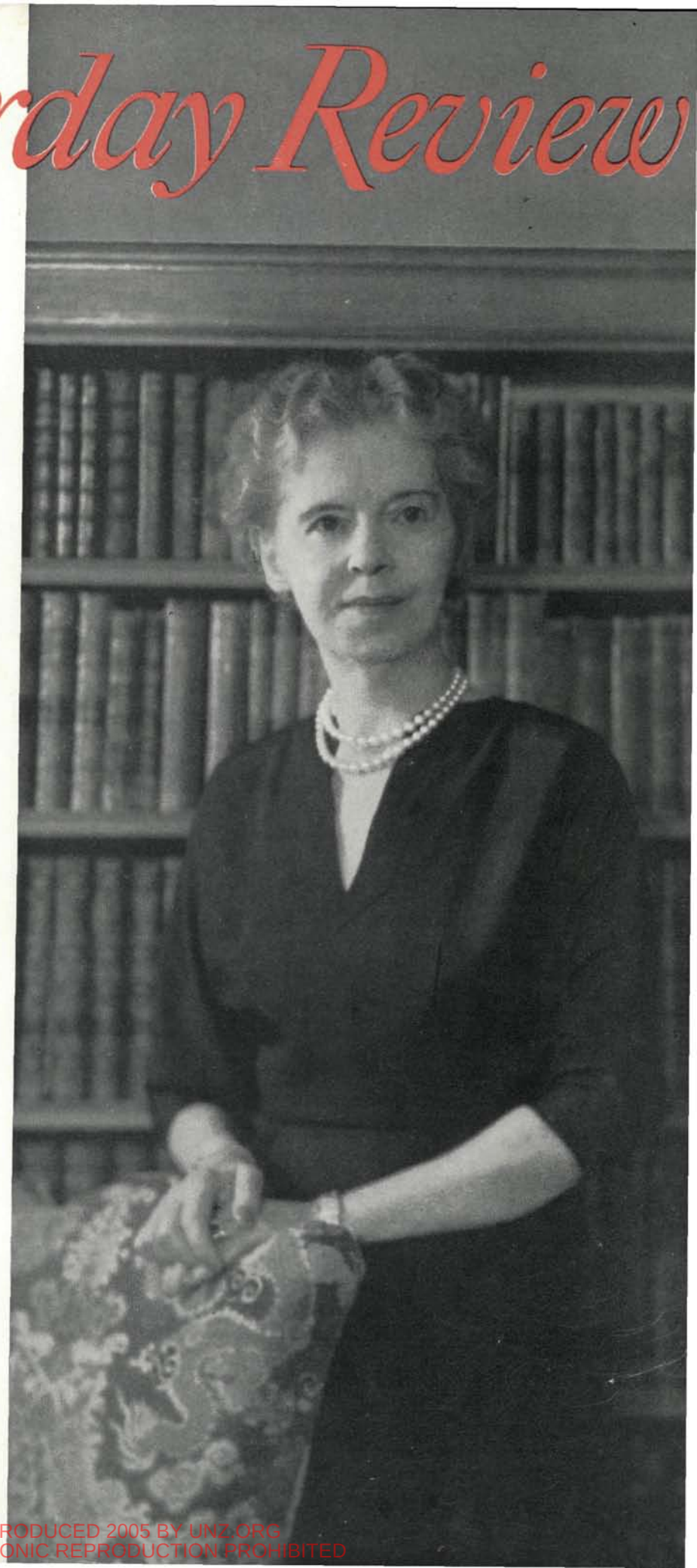
SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

IS SCIENCE TOO BIG FOR THE SCIENTIST?

By Merle A. Tuve

WHAT'S LEFT OF KARL MARX?

By Sidney Hook



Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., author of "Day Before Yesterday." *(SEE BOOKS)* ►

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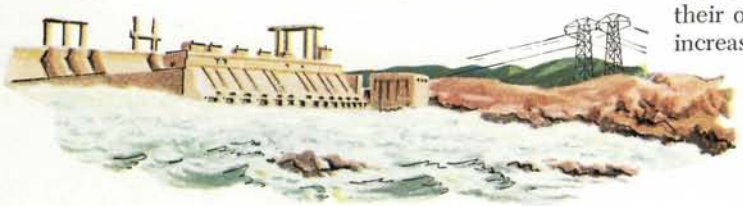

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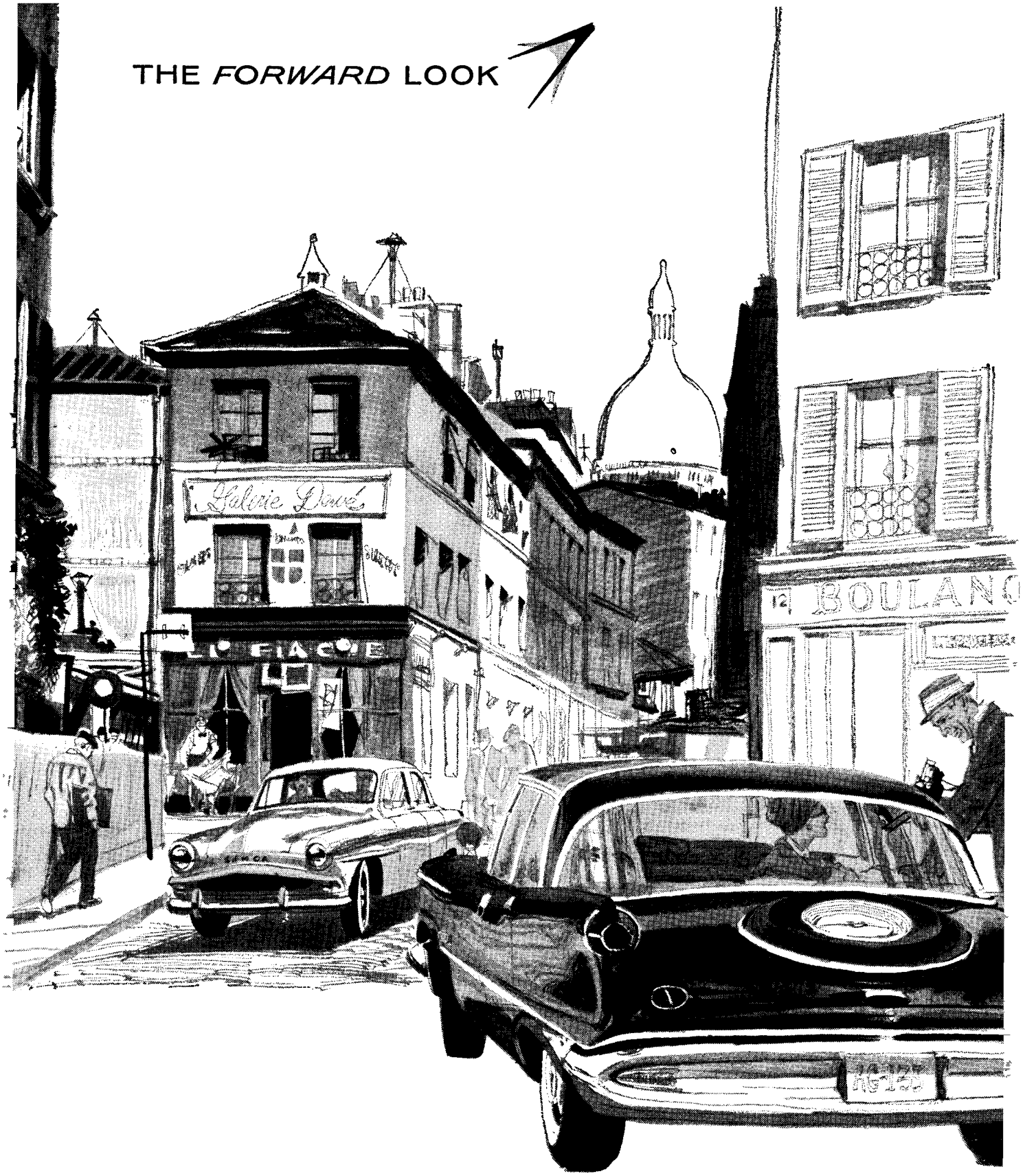

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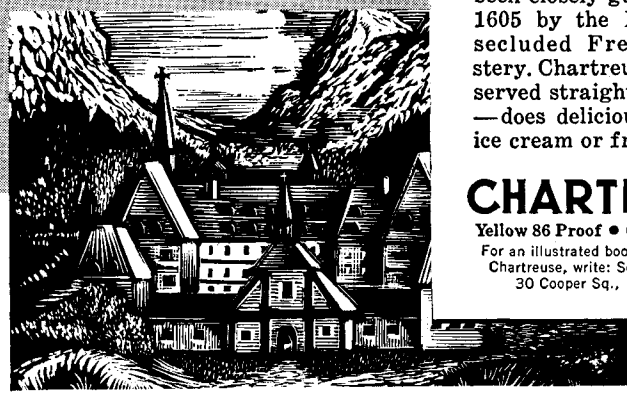
Chartreuse



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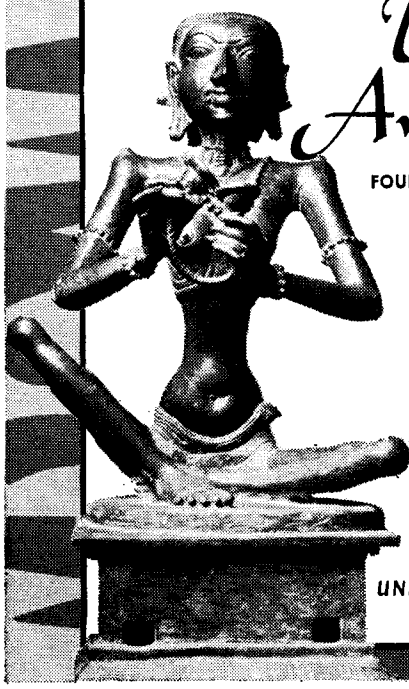

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Saturday Review

JUNE 6, 1959

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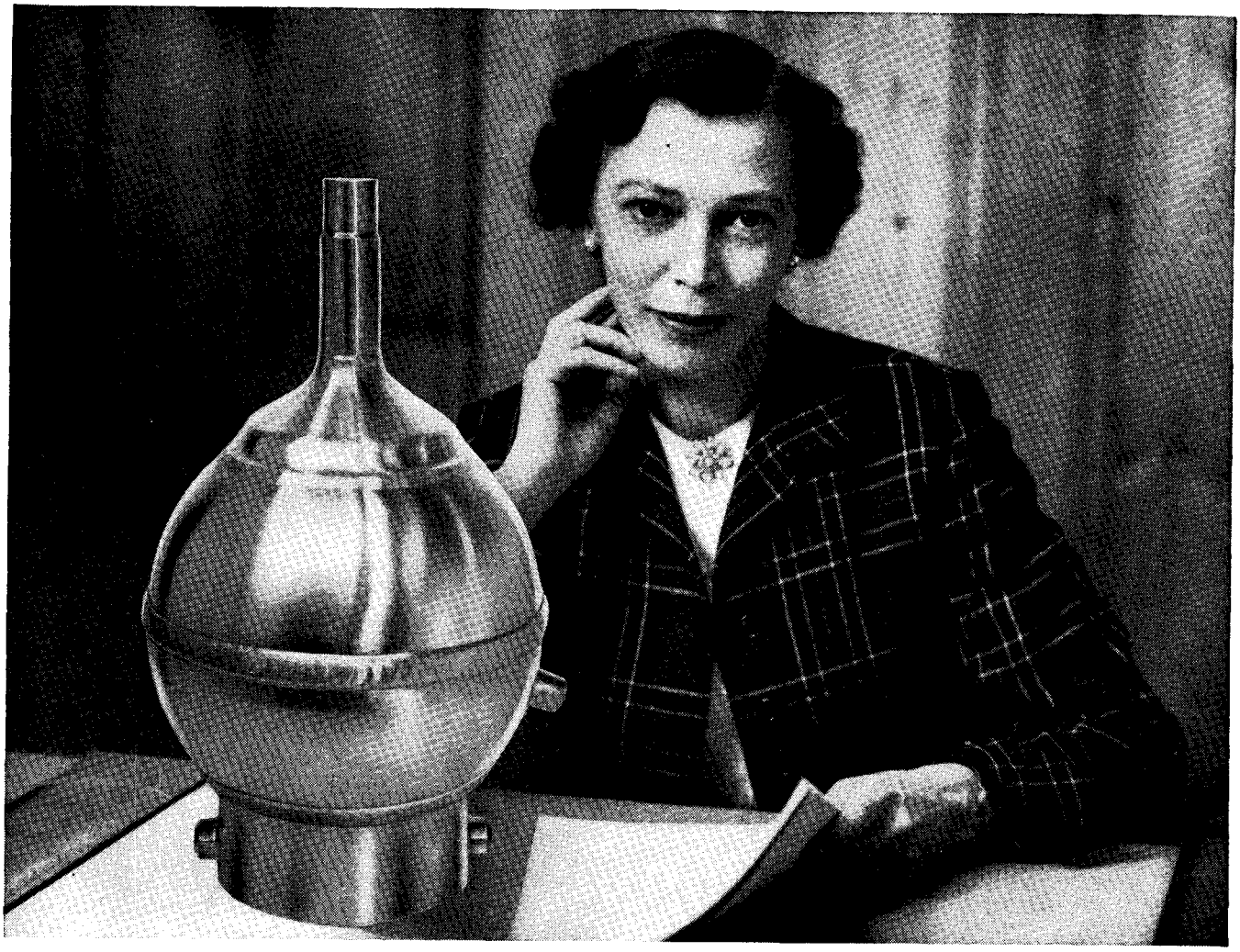

Mrs. Peff, President, Superior Air Products Co., Newark, N. J., shown in her office with Supairco's recently developed liquid-oxygen "vacuum bottle."

meet Mrs. Peter Peff

talented executive and a good customer of Anaconda

Many a tough problem has been solved by Mrs. Peff and her company since 1952, when she assumed the presidency after her husband's death.

Specialists for thirty years in building low-temperature apparatus and complete plants to produce oxygen and other gases, "Supairco" was called on recently to develop a small, compact, lightweight container to supply oxygen for aircraft crews at high altitudes. Supairco did just that —with its ingenious design for a "vacuum bottle" which holds *liquid oxygen at 297 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit!* One of the key questions—what metals would do the job best?

After careful research and testing, Supairco chose Anaconda's special copper-silicon alloy, Everdur®, for the inner sphere which contains the liquid oxygen. Everdur was selected because of its ready workability, corrosion resistance and high strength—a combination of properties which withstands the vibration and fatigue stresses aloft, *plus* the shocks associated with catapult launchings and carrier-based landings.

For the outer sphere, a shell of highly polished, heat-reflecting Anaconda Copper was used to maintain the vacuum which keeps the liquid-state oxygen at the extremely low temperature necessary.

The "vacuum bottle" shown above, when fully valved and charged, weighs only ⅛ as much as the heavy, cumbersome cylinder it replaces, and requires only a fraction of the space. Yet Supairco's new product provides a high-flying, eight-man crew with all the oxygen it needs.

Anaconda, through its subsidiary The American Brass Company, produces more than 100 standard alloys of copper, each providing its own combination of properties. Special alloys are regularly developed to meet specific applications. This is in keeping with the continuing aim of Anaconda research in the whole nonferrous-metal field: Better ways to do things, in home and industry. 59173 A

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

AT GENEVA, the United States had 158 correspondents, the Russians four. These days the Yankees are first in words, second in Space and last in the American League.

Actually, before the baseball season had even started, all the experts told us everything that was wrong with the game—too slow, too Big Business, too TV etc. Yet it is now becoming increasingly more apparent that there is nothing wrong with baseball that can't be righted by a few more Yankee losses. Unless, of course, you're a Boston Red Sox fan. The way we figure it, being a Boston Red Sox fan takes, at a conservative estimate, ten years off your life. And the most maddening thing about it is that nobody cares—except another Red Sox fan. Certainly the Red Sox themselves don't. They're so used to being behind the Yankees that the day the Yankees went into last place, they didn't play at all.

• • The month of May was not so merry when it came to the Senate's confirmation classes. Nowadays, they want career diplomats only, and preferably those with no previous publishing experience. The trouble with Mr. Reid is evidently that he didn't make money at it—the trouble with Mrs. Luce is that she, or rather her husband, did. And then, of course, she is pretty adept at making trouble on her own—an artist, in her way, of the unwise crack.

Elsewhere on the magazine front, our unaward of the month went to Geoffrey Hellman for his *New Yorker* profile of Bennett Cerf. The first sentence of the second installment ran a full column and a half. We always knew Mr. Cerf was a hard man to stop, and we are sure there was an idea here, but, like so many of the *New Yorker* ideas these days, we think it's a pity they can't get to them a little quicker.

• • Meanwhile, our award of the month went to new newspaper columnist, Jackie Robinson, for his column in answer to an obviously personal Sunday supplement attack on Harry Belafonte. Generally speaking, we still favor the old-style profiles—some of which we admit were sometimes too much of a "con" file—as opposed to the endless puff pieces of nowadays. Nonetheless, we think Jackie singled sharply to center.

Some other columnists had a field day attacking the Bolshoi Ballet at the Met and they managed to give the impression that the reviews were bad —which, of course, they were not. On the other hand, Judy Garland was praised to the fifth balcony. We too have a nostalgic feeling for Miss Garland, but we also have a nostalgic feeling for the Metropolitan Opera House. Indeed, attending the groundbreaking of the new Lincoln Center, we had some mixed feelings, not only about first things first but also, for one first thing, and contrary to public belief, the fact that the money has not yet been raised. As we went to press, only forty-seven of $75,000,000 has so far been pledged.

• • The biggest boom of all the big booms these days is in travel, and two English writers have come up with the reasons therefor—of which the chief one is not, strangely, the economic boom. It is, of all things, the fashion boom. We had a rather sharp report on this when an elderly cruise ship customer called the Robert F. Warner office to find where she could buy a hula skirt. She was cruising to Hawaii, it seems, and she was already planning her costume for the ship's fancy dress ball. She had decided to represent the forty-ninth and fiftieth states, and therefore she was going to wear, topside, one-half of a sealskin coat, and, down below, a hula. As if this weren't enough, the lady had also decided to label her costume —reading, from top to bottom, "I'll ask ya," "How are ya?"

Somehow it just made us want to stay home. We did, however, take in the Kentucky Derby-Darby and watch Willie Shoemaker pull off the greatest horse gamesmanship since Silky Sullivan. Back again, we were surprised to see by the Nassau papers —which up to now haven't seen very much—that they are going to reopen the Sir Harry Oakes murder case. The reason why so many Society murders are unsolved, it seems, is that so many people consider them a good thing.

• • On the theatre front, despite the unanimity of the reviews on "Gypsy," we have yet to meet a single person who thought it was as good as its notices. (It would be very hard, however, for anything to be as good as Ethel Merman notices always are—even Ethel Merman.) On the other side of the fence, "A Raisin in the Sun" is easily *the* hit of the year, critically, popularly and every other way. Whatever else you do in New York this summer, don't miss it.

Finally, in New York, the big news was the incredible hospital strike and the resulting (albeit little publicized) turnout of several thousand volunteer workers. Partners in law and brokerage firms, dowagers and debutantes, even doctors and surgeons, ran the assembly lines and did the menial chores. One lady wanted to help out in the Lenox Hill Hospital. So she sent her cook. Meanwhile, one of the pickets outside the hospital had a heart attack. He became a patient—inside.

A bold new plan for strengthening America's liberal arts colleges

■ In this book Beardsley Ruml, with pointed specific suggestions, shows how our colleges, if they were run more efficiently, could practically double faculty salaries and improve the quality of education — at present tuition rates. MEMO TO A COLLEGE TRUSTEE is a really fresh look at a topic of immense importance to every college campus and to everyone concerned with the future of American education.

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Who pays the bill for "Public Power"?

Every American pays part of the cost of federal government "public power" even though this electricity goes only to a few.

So far, more than $5,500,000,000 in taxes has been collected for federal government power dams and plants. But even that is just a drop in the bucket as far as the "public power" pressure groups and lobbyists are concerned. They are pressing hard for $10,000,000,000 more—with still more and more beyond *that*. All is to be collected from the taxpayers, of course.

Yet the promoters of government electricity can't even point to a justifiable *need* for this multi-billion-dollar spending. America's independent electric light and power companies are ready and able to provide all the power the nation needs—*without* depending on taxes.

So far, "public power" pressure groups have been able to get away with this scheme because most Americans don't realize they are footing the bill. But informed citizens can put a stop to it.

Will *you* help spread the word?

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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TRADE Winds

WHILE THE AIR FORCE is getting ready to shoot a clean-cut, photogenic man into space, the Army is preparing the Honest John missile for firing. There are four men in an H. J. unit. The Thing itself is on the back of a truck, distressingly similar to the old six-by-six trucks that were in use back there in one of those World Wars. To prepare Honest John for firing, two men stand at the rear of the long tube. Since it is too high for one to reach by himself, he climbs on the shoulders of the other man, so he can put his hands into the tube and make adjustments.

I know all this because I saw a photograph in the newspaper, entitled "Honest John missile is prepared for firing." That's right; it's 1959 and one soldier is hoisting another on his shoulders to prepare Honest John for firing.

This scientific method of preparing a missile for firing was developed by the same Army that has been urging inventors to develop a death ray capable of killing enemy soldiers at a range of at least 500 yards. The same Army has asked for a machine that will bore through solid rock at a half-mile an hour, and a gadget that will dig a foxhole for a Patton tank in less than a minute.

It is also the Army that has dreamed up little helicopters for individual foot soldiers to strap on their backs. Why couldn't they provide one for the man who has to get ten feet into the air to prepare the Honest John missile for firing?

Don't ask me. All I know is what the Pentagon puts in the papers.

FROM MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY comes a complaint by C. Merton Babcock about 1) the English language; and 2) his wife's family. He declares: "My *inlaws* are all *outlaws*."

On the other hand, the language has no hold on Jack Sterling. When asked to define *metronome*, he replied: "That's a midget who works for M-G-M."

A BIG STORY in *The New York Times* of a couple of weeks ago blared, "Axelrod Is Near End of New Play," and went on to tell how "Good-bye, Charlie" is about to be completed by George Axelrod and how Joshua Logan will produce the comedy in the fall. The article continued:

"Although the playwright is wrestling with a snag in the third act, Mr. Logan is confident of the author's ability in overcoming it."

Now the first thing that comes to mind is that while it may be perfectly acceptable for the public press to give us the details about the matrimonial and financial affairs of famous folk, it seems to me to be an unconscionable intrusion on a fellow's private life to announce publicly that he has written a play and that there is something wrong with the third act. Is nothing sacred?

I also feel that it is a mistake for the *Times* to start running news items about authors who are wrestling with snags in their writing. It strikes too close to home. Thorough coverage of all the snags that's fit to print would mean that there wouldn't be room for anything else. From now on, *Times*, let's just assume that unless we hear otherwise, all authors are snagged here or there.

Mr. Logan hasn't made the author's task any easier, either, resorting to comfortable press conferences, probably sitting there with his feet up, waving a cigar, or a highball, and announcing for publication:

"Oh, George'll fix it, all right."

And George, sweating at the typewriter, takes a break and picks up the paper and reads the prediction, wishing he felt as confident as Josh does.

I sure hope all this talk doesn't get to the critics who are going to be seeing "Good-bye, Charlie" next fall. They may unconsciously be looking for a snag that won a wrestling match. There actually is no reason to worry about Axelrod, however, for he is a marvelous playwright and his "Rock Hunter" and "Seven Year Itch" prove it, although as I think about it, they were rather weak in the third act.

YOU KNOW, THERE are hundreds of ships lost at sea every year—this year, as there were a century ago, and as there were, I suppose, a millennium ago. The books and stories that have been written about some of them are endless, and prove that the subject of shipwrecks at sea is as fascinating as it has ever been. The element of suspense and mystery is always evident in such tales, even when we know how it's going to turn out in the end. The battle is always between the sea, as it was and always will be—ferocious, unpredictable, lovely—and a ship, which represents the skill of the builder and the sailor. That is, when a ship is built you get down there with your hands and put her together; you don't press a button and start a ship-building machine. When she's sailing, the captain and the crew do the driving; a human being is at the wheel.

I believe there's some mystical connection between man-ship-sea that goes way back, just as our fear of the dark is — what? — 50,000 years old? And I believe that when the sea takes a ship, we never feel that it is an utterly senseless and tragic occurrence, as we do when a tornado, earthquake, or fire causes damage, destruction, and loss of life. I think that unconsciously we know that the sea has always been the master, and that when she indiscriminately takes her toll in the form of a fine ship and innocent lives, she is merely folding them into her bosom, where they belong, and where, you realize, we all came from in the very first place.

I WAS THINKING of this when I read Al Lansing's "Endurance," where one of the engrossing parts of that excellent book is the fight between the pack ice and the stoutly built vessel, *Endurance*. Finally the ice tears the huge timbers to pieces and she disappears, leaving Shackleton and his men standing there on an expanse of ice many miles in every direction.

I was also thinking of it when I read Tom Gallagher's "Fire at Sea," which has just been published by Rinehart. This is the story of the *Morro Castle*, which was one of the few tragedies of its kind that had an audience: the thousands who crowded the Jersey shore to watch the ship burn. Gallagher's book has an ingredient that most of the others haven't: he has turned up something new. His research, which he had thought of as just that, began to take the form of a mystery. As he got going in his interviews and reading, he saw that he was going to end up with a theory as to how the fire started—arson. In fact, he was going to be able to name the culprit. It is even more fantastic than it sounds; the villain (now dead) was one of the heroes. He was paraded through

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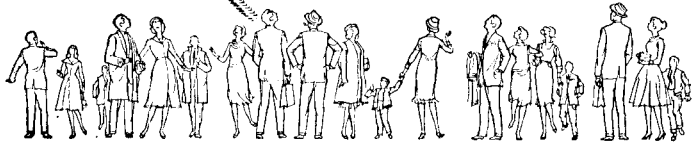
ABOUT $24.00 A DAY PLUS BENEFITS!



Does $24 a day plus benefits sound good to you? No wonder! It's a lot more than most people get.

Well, $24 a day is *average* pay for steelworkers. That makes American steelworkers just about the best paid industrial workers anywhere in the world.

But $24 is only part of it.

In addition to their wages they get a package of benefits costing the steel companies another $4.78 a day on the average. They get:

- **...up to 3½ weeks vacation pay.**
- **...seven paid holidays.**
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- **...pay during jury service.**
- **...supplemental unemployment benefits where state laws permit.**
- **...life insurance.**
- **...sick and accident benefits for 26 weeks.**
- **...surgical insurance and 120-day hospitalization.**

The companies pay full costs of all benefits except the last three, in which employees share the cost.

A top union official who addressed the 1958 Convention of the Steelworkers' Union said this:

"Now, listen to me. Hear me now! This (rise in minimum pay since 1953) represents an increase of close to 48 percent. In the same period the cost of living has risen by a little more than 8 percent."

"And we got 48!"

No question, wages and benefits in steel have been rising sharply. In fact, in virtually every industry they have risen much faster than the nation's productive efficiency has risen. That's one reason for the inflation which cuts the buying power of your dollar.

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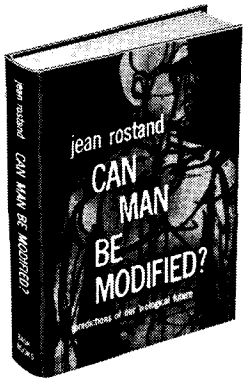
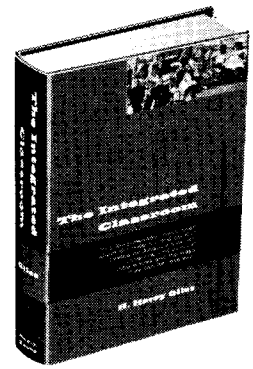
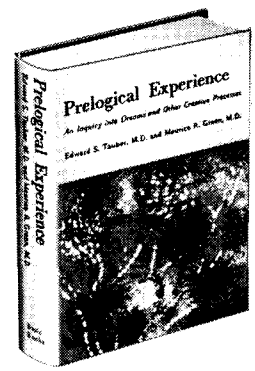


CAN MAN BE MODIFIED?
By **Jean Rostand**
Can man, through science, raise himself to a species of superman? An eminent French biologist is the guide on a breathtaking journey into our biological future, as he explores science's continuing advances toward controlling the heredity, chemistry, intelligence and even the emotions of man. **$3.00**



THE INTEGRATED CLASSROOM
By **H. Harry Giles**
Why has school integration gone smoothly in some communities and failed in others? A leading educator offers concrete suggestions to expedite peaceful integration – based on his own nearly 20 years of experience in integrating schools in all parts of the country. **$5.00**

FIVE FAMILIES
By **Oscar Lewis**
A vivid–almost novelistic–picture of "the culture of poverty" is painted in this revealing work, by a noted anthropologist, on the daily lives, aspirations and frustrations of five typical Mexican families today. **$5.50**



PRELOGICAL EXPERIENCE
By **Edward S. Tauber, M.D.**
and **Maurice R. Green, M.D.**
Two psychoanalysts draw on extensive clinical and experimental data to show how a better understanding of the operation of dreams, fantasies, hallucinations, extra-sensory perception and other "prelogical" phenomena may broaden our knowledge of human behavior. **$3.75**

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the streets of his hometown afterwards; they pinned a medal on him.

Advice to a Young Man Who Wishes to Write a Best-Seller

By Richard Armour

To write what becomes
A best-seller today,
You have to have talent
And something to say,
A subject that's timely,
A style that is new,
A sense of conviction,
A fresh point of view,
Yes, a genuine merit—
Or, better by far,
A mention by Sullivan
Allen or Paar.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: "The In and Out Book" (Viking) is IN.

► Last fall the U. of Chicago Press published "All the King's Ladies: Actresses of the Restoration," by John Harold Wilson, author of "Nell Gwyn, Royal Mistress" and other books on the Restoration period. Before settling on the title, "All the King's Ladies," editors mulled over a list among which was "A Flourish of Strumpets."

► Bill Yates says it happened. Two clergymen were standing on a corner in animated conversation when a third man of the cloth appeared. The first two looked pleasantly surprised. One stuck out his hand and said, "Well, speak of the devil!"

► Gurney Williams has made an appeal to all travelers to Russia to please bring him back a package of Laika cigarettes, which the Soviets started manufacturing last year, naming the brand after that dog they shot into space. Gurney wants to test out his new slogan: "Winston tastes good. Laika cigarettes should."

► I thought the way the *Daily News* covered Castro's trip to New York was pretty good, particularly when they mentioned his tour of the facilities of *The New York Times*. They gave it one sentence. "Castro," the *News* said deadpan, "also visited the *Times*, an English-language morning newspaper." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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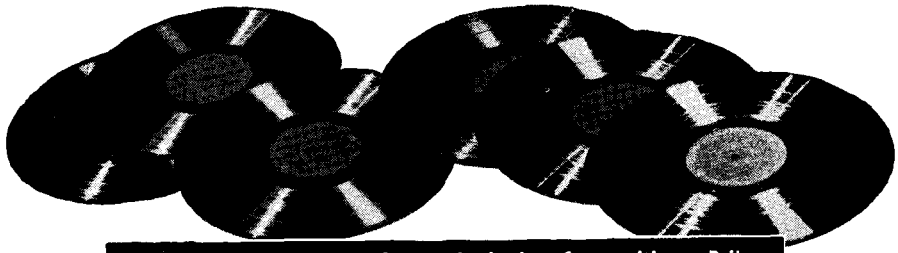

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Saturday Review
JUNE 6, 1959

WHAT'S LEFT OF KARL MARX?

Marxism as an intellectual concept has been in decline in the United States since the 1930s. At one time there was hardly a college campus in the country that was not churning with social or economic debate over the ideas in "Das Kapital." Today the intellectual verdict about Karl Marx seems to be that his ideas hold little relevance for a modern society. Prime Minister Nehru of India recently pointed out that many of Marx's ideas were out of date for a country like India. Hence the question: What has happened to Marx? Sidney Hook, head of the Department of Philosophy at New York University, and the author of "From Hegel to Marx," considers the question in the following article, which was adapted from a paper he delivered to the Tamiment Institute.

By SIDNEY HOOK

IN ONE form or another I have been discussing what is living and what is dead in Marxism for almost forty years (starting at the age of sixteen). Depending on how Marxism was defined, I would characterize myself either as a Marxist or as a non-Marxist. Sometimes when asked if I were a Marxist, I promised to give a "yes" or "no" answer just as soon as the questioner could give me an intelligible definition of the term. In such cases, I rarely got around to answer the question, especially if two or more people were present. They never agreed among themselves on how Marxism was to be understood.

In writing independently, however, I often used to refer to myself as a Marxist on the basis of my interpretation of Marx's ideas. But I gave that up some time ago because critics told me that if I were right, it made me the only Marxist extant in the entire world—indeed, the only one who had lived in all of history. This seemed improbable. However, let us not be rash! The improbable sometimes is true. Max Eastman once reviewed a book of mine on Marx under the title "What Karl Marx Would Have Said If He Had Been a Student of John Dewey"—to which I replied, "What Karl Marx Did Say in Refutation of Max Eastman." A weightier reason for ceasing to refer to myself as a Marxist was the apparent immodesty of being the only one who really understood Marx—even if it were true. G. D. H. Cole had the absurd idea that he, too, was the only one who really understood Marx. As if there could be two of us only ones!

To turn to the problem in a serious vein, the real reason I stopped referring to myself as a Marxist was that more and more in the public mind it meant the complex of ideas, beliefs, and practices advocated by the Communists, who proclaimed themselves the most militant and orthodox Marxists. I consoled myself with the reflection that, after all, Karl Marx himself had denied that he was a Marxist. If Marx didn't care much about being thought of as a Marxist, why should we?

At any rate, I approach the question only as a student of Marx and propose to discuss the validity or invalidity of his ideas concerning which there is pretty general agreement that he believed them. These ideas bear upon the theory and practice of achieving socialism. Although Marx denied that he was a Marxist, he never denied that he was a socialist. I also would like to comment on Marx's economic theories, his doctrine of historical materialism, and his notions of class, class struggle, and the state.

AS is well known, Marx developed his economic theory only after he had outlined his theories of history and mapped the road to socialism. He offered an analysis of the economics of a commodity-producing society in an attempt to discover the laws of capitalist *development*. According to this analysis, capitalism would be destroyed by its own successes in expanding the forces of production to a point where there would no longer be a market for the commodities it produces, thus resulting in a catastrophic breakdown as a consequence of increasing mass unemployment, pauperization, and hunger. This would preface a proletarian revolution and a transition to a collectivist society that would end the exploitation of man by man.

There are many thing that Marx said about the development of capitalism that have turned out to be true. He foresaw the tendency toward the centralization of industry,

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concentration of capital, growth of monopoly, and contraction of the free market. He realized the tremendous impact technology would have on industry and agriculture at a time when applied science was in its infancy. He predicted the growth of labor and its organizations, and the continuation of the business cycle. One can add many other items to the list that, although wrong in detail, testify to his remarkable economic insight.

But these predictions, made for the most part *before* he developed his economic theory, Marx failed to derive from his theory of value on which he placed the greatest store. In addition, his theory had consequences that were incompatible with what one could legitimately predict from it.

More important, capitalism refused to die or even to collapse. New industries kept developing, new products appearing, new economic demands arising. The middle classes did not disappear or pauperization increase progressively. On the contrary, the middle classes have grown and pauperization has *decreased* progressively. Poverty is a relative term, but economic misery is not. I am far from believing that capitalism with close to 4,000,000 unemployed at this writing in this country and with many families living on incomes of less than $1,000 a year has solved the problem of economic misery. But the picture of capitalism in most countries of the West is so vastly different from what we should expect on Marx's economic analysis that it is useless as a guide to further prediction. To the extent that there is a scientific discipline of economic prediction and control in capitalist countries it relies more upon Keynes than on Marx, and Keynes himself emphatically denied the influence of Marx on his own economic thinking.

I haven't the time to discuss the reasons why Marx's predictions went wrong. But briefly it was his failure to allow for the influence of "the political factor" on economy in his science of "political economy;" the power of taxation, especially the progressive income tax which was one of the demands listed in the *Communist Manifesto*; the power of deficit financing; the power of trade unions; and the power of scientific discovery itself.

The doctrine of historical materialism is perhaps the most influential of all of Marx's theories. Many historians who are not Marxists profess indebtedness to it as a heuristic method. Even a Christian historian like Butterfield writes: "the Marxists . . . have contributed more to the historical scholarship of all of us than the non-Marxists like to confess." ("Christianity and History," p. 60). And if it is interpreted in an empirical way, it seems to me that the theory of historical materialism still throws more light on many periods of the European past than any other historical theory.

But if anything is demonstrable in history, I am convinced that the theory in the form in which Marx used it and made predictions on the basis of it, is inadequate or false when applied to our time. And the paradoxical fact is that it has been refuted by those who call themselves the most orthodox of Marxists—the Communists. As everyone knows, the theory of historical materialism asserts that the mode of economic production is the decisive factor in determining the direction of social change and the character of the political and cultural superstructure in society. Socialism would be introduced, Marx predicted, only when and where the material productive relations of capitalism have expanded to the utmost possible. "No social order ever perishes before all the productive forces for which there is room in it have developed." But in 1917, when the Bolsheviks seized political power, Russia was an economically backward country, with a primitively developed capitalism. The political changes that took place in Russia were not the consequences of driving historical economic forces but the consequences of the driving will of the Communists, and of the political genius and fanaticism of Lenin and Trotsky. Politics and ideology did not follow as a superstructural addition to a pre-existing economic development, but became themselves the predominantly causal factors in building a socialist economy in one of the last places of the world. Marx expected it to develop.

What was true of Russia yesterday is true of China today, which is even more backward economically than Russia was in 1917.

The Russian October Revolution and the organization of a world international movement set up a chain reaction throughout the world imperiling the survival of non-Communist states everywhere. In turn this led to economic actions designed to contain Communist countries and to keep the uncommitted nations from being swallowed up—economic actions that flow primarily from political considerations. This suggests that for our historical period it is not the mode of economic production but the mode of political decision that has become the decisive force in the sense that you can explain and predict more things in the national and international spheres, including the economic measures adopted, on the basis of the political ends of action, than you can on the basis of alleged necessities in the development of the mode of economic production. We live in a world in which not economics but politics is the main (of course, not the only) key to other aspects of culture. It will remain so until the world becomes all free or completely totalitarian.

This reference to totalitarianism reminds me that some Marxists have denied that a socialist economy has been built in the Soviet Union or that it will be built in China. Precisely because its economic backwardness requires the exploitation of human labor, in order to achieve the primitive accumulation of capital nec-

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Prometheus" Karl Marx chained to printing press, 1843. Squirrel, upper left, symbolizes Prussian Minister Von Eichhorn who controlled the press.

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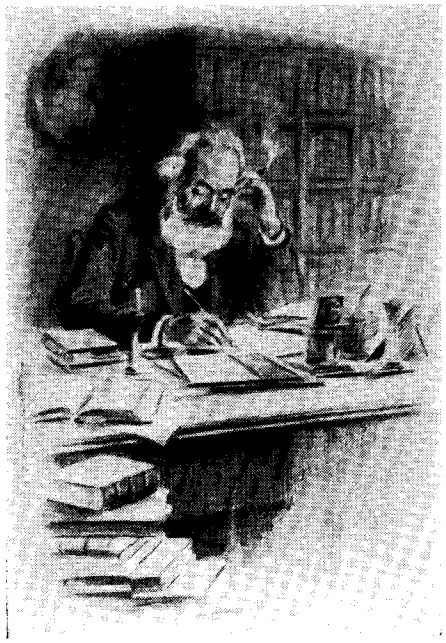
essary for large-scale industrialization, a new class system has developed that negates and violates all the democratic elements integral to the socialist ideal. According to this view, Marx's ideas have, so to speak, avenged themselves against their betrayers. Why is this? Because the consequences of attempting to build socialism in conditions historically unripe for them have brought back in new form many of the old capitalist evils and some new ones more brutalizing and degrading than any of the past. In this sense Marx is vindicated, it is claimed, because the grim results show that it is impossible to build socialism when, to use



Karl Marx himself—"if Marx didn't care much about being thought of as a Marxist, why should we?"

the language of orthodox Marxism, the laws of historical materialism are ignored.

Let us grant the point for the sake of argument. Socialism without democracy is not socialism and any attempt that tries to introduce it in countries where economic conditions are unripe is bound to fail. But still this doesn't save the theory. It may have predicted that the attempt will fail but it did not predict that the attempt would be made. And it is the attempt and the consequence of the attempt that constitute the series of fateful events that we call history. It really comes to the same thing. No matter how you define socialism, our world today is largely determined by an event to achieve the impossible (socialism in an economically primitive country) and this attempt (men making their own history) Marx does not explain.

Nor, I mention in passing, can Marx and the theory of historical materialism plausibly explain the rise of Fascism that Marx failed to predict and that escapes characterization in terms of classic definitions of capitalism or socialism.

More can be said for the Marxian theory of the economic class struggle. I still believe that there are conflicting economic class interests and class struggles based on them. But there are not only economic class struggles. A great many other kinds of class or group struggles are going on, and not only struggles between classes but sometimes coöperation between them as when they oppose, say, Hitler, or when unions and management agree on wage and price increases at the consumer's expense.

FURTHER in these struggles now one group, now another wins. The outcome of these struggles is not always determined by the relative economic strength of the contending classes but by many other things like color, religion, social status, or regional loyalty. From this it follows that it is simply not the case that the state is nothing but the executive committee of the dominant economic class. It becomes the committee or instrument of whatever class or combination of classes that succeeds in the political democratic struggle. When I was a young socialist soap-boxer, I used to entertain my audience by pinning the labels of coal, steel, railroads, copper, oil, etc., on the Senators who came from the states in which there were large concentrations of holdings in these industries. And it was clear from the way they voted and what they voted, that they were the spokesmen for economic interests. Could we do the same with any show of plausibility today about all or as many members of the Senate at the turn of the century? I doubt it when one thinks of the liberal members it contains. I confess that I wouldn't be sure what kind of tag to pin on men like Harriman or Rockefeller.

The truth seems to me that England, France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and the United States gradually have been transformed as a result of education and the democratic process into mixed economies and welfare states in which class struggles are still going on but not according to the traditional Marxist scheme.

What then remains of Marx's ideas? Are any of them valid or still helpful in understanding the world we still live in? I believe there are some ideas of continuing validity. Whether they are uniquely Marx's ideas is not as important as that one can find them in the corpus of his writings.

First, it seems to me, that Marx's analysis of property as a social relation is still very illuminating. And what is more, it applies not only to our own society but especially to Soviet society. It was Marx who made clearer than anyone else I know (see especially Part VIII of Vol. I of "Capital") that property is power, and that property which gives power over land, instruments of production, and the things that human beings need to live, is power over the human beings who must live by use of them. The more absolute the power over such things, the more absolute the power over people. Differences in economic power is the source of exploitation even granting that there may be other forms of exploitation besides economic. Marx urged that we look behind the legal forms of ownership to uncover the actual patterns of domination. And when we do so we find that in our own society wherever owners have the power to close down a plant (say in a one-factory town) where there are no alternative means of work, and where there is no continuing insurance, they are exerting a very real power over other human beings for whose exercise they are accountable to no one but themselves. *If we define property by its operational consequences, then when we turn to a society in which instruments of production are nationalized or socialized. We find that the workers can be just as much exploited, perhaps even more exploited, than in an economy of private enterprise if there is no public responsibility for, and democratic control over, economic decisions.* Marx himself never applied his ideas to such a situation because he assumed that the most effective safeguards against exploitation—democratic control and participation in the process of setting goals and rewards of production—would accompany the shift from private public ownership. Indeed it is easier by Marx's ideas to show how workers are shamelessly exploited in Communist countries where democracy is absent, where no free trade union exists, where the absence of a right to strike or quit makes all labor forced labor, than it is to uncover the mystery of exploitation in capitalist or mixed economies where democracy and free trade union practices flourish.

Second, I still find illuminating Marx's social skepticism that must be distinguished from cynicism. Reason is rarely pure in individuals, and even less so where groups and classes are concerned. In social affairs if you spot the vested interests, you

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Whose Affluent Society?

By ELMO ROPER

THROUGHOUT much of 1958 and into 1959, the literate American public observed an unusual spectacle: a book on economics enjoying such popularity that for twenty-eight weeks it stood among the top twelve non-fiction best sellers of the year. The book was Harvard professor John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Affluent Society."

The strength, survival, and well-being of America were obviously of deep concern to Professor Galbraith as he wrote his iconoclastic work, whose central thesis is this: that in present-day affluent America our preoccupation with high and increasing production and consumption of *private goods* is outdated and results in a serious social imbalance whereby the production of *public services* (adequate education, schools, parks, sanitation, public safety, etc.) stays much too low—and something must be done about it. What Professor Galbraith would do about it, he makes abundantly clear in his strongly original book.

The interest displayed in "The Affluent Society" suggested the need for a small but closely focused research project, the results of which have recently appeared in *The Public Pulse*, which is published by Elmo Roper and Associates. The question was: How did certain groups of Americans feel about the Galbraith thesis? Two groups whose opinions should be consulted came immediately to mind. One group, obviously, would be Professor Galbraith's professional colleagues among the membership of the American Economic Association. A second group, even more salient, would be those businessmen who, while presiding over corporations that produce "private goods," also serve as trustees for America's most important non-governmental "public service" institutions: our privately endowed colleges, universities, and foundations. For if any alteration in the relative weights of private goods and public services is actually in prospect during the next ten years, the opinions and attitudes of those men will in large measure determine its nature.

To elicit these opinions, the central arguments of "The Affluent Society" were reduced to twelve major statements (which Professor Galbraith agreed reasonably set forth his major theses). A questionnaire embodying them was sent to a list of businessmen-trustees and to every fiftieth member of the American Economics Association, as well as to a list of unusually prominent economists, asking for their "tendencies" to agree or disagree with the twelve statements, as well as for any major qualifications they might have entertained.

The over-all reactions from both groups to the Galbraith proposals are shown below. They will repay some study. Perhaps to Professor Galbraith's surprise (since economists seldom display the sort of unanimity that sometimes characterizes other professionals), his fellow economists, by a hair's breath, vote him more agreement than disagreement. It may not be surprising that the Businessmen-Trustees who expressed their opinions voted a majority disapproval. Yet although not one Businessman-Trustee was found who voted "basic agreement" with Galbraith, it is also newsworthy that a sizable minority was able to find grounds, fifty-fifty or better, for indicating at least qualified approval of some of what he had to say:

	Members, American Economic Assn.		*Businessmen-Trustees*	
"I am in basic agreement with Galbraith"	8%		0%	
"Although I disagree with some points, my major reaction is one of agreement"	33%	41%	16%	16%
"I find about as much to agree with as to disagree with"		21%		20%
"Although I agree with some points, my major reaction is one of disagreement"	28%	38%	44%	64%
"I am in basic disagreement with Galbraith"	10%		20%	

If this is the Gestalt response, the detailed qualitative responses are no less interesting. For the spaces left for qualification were generously used.

On the fringe, there were a few violent denunciations (e.g., "This man would be welcome in the Kremlin") and a few expressions of high indignation that consigned Professor Galbraith and all his works to a region not nearly so cold as Moscow. In general, however, a majority of both Economists and Businessmen-Trustees expressed agreement with Professor Galbraith's major ends, but tended in varying degrees to dispute the correctness of his means. The general tone of the discussion was moderate. Samples:

(From a businessman-trustee): "I think this is important, and a much needed corrective both to some of the propositions of classical economics as well as to Maynard Keynes. Despite its importance and, I think the beneficial influence it will have on the whole, I disagree with Galbraith . . ."

(From an Administration fiscal expert): "I think Galbraith's best chance for getting an expansion of 'good' public services would be to urge a rapid expansion of total output. This is in contrast, of course, with his basic premise that we have enough production. I think here lies the main inconsistency of his brilliant book."

(From a businessman-trustee): "We are just plain not 'affluent' enough to meet at the same time both the requirements of the military, technological and economic race against the Russians, and the domestic economic demands of the various pressure groups."

(From a labor economist): "Out of increased production would come additional material resources to correct 'social imbalance,' to raise the living standards of low-income families, and . . . to expand our international economic aid program to a size and scope more nearly compatible with our responsibilities in the world."

(From a banker-trustee): "The only basic disagreement I have with Professor Galbraith is that he puts it on an 'either-or' basis. I am for everything he is for, generally speaking, but to achieve what he wishes also requires maximum productive effort. It isn't an 'either-or' proposition."

This latter view is, of course, in flat disagreement with the Galbraith thesis, which propounds that ever higher material production hinders more than it helps the cultivation of human resources.

As the complexities and hazards of our times increase, the clamor for those increased public services which "The Affluent Society" demanded seems bound to become louder. The debate on *whether* they are to be achieved is likely to be brief; the de-

(*Continued on page* 39)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Pompey's Head 1861-1865

By Granville Hicks

A FEW years ago Hamilton Basso wrote an interesting novel in the J. P. Marquand vein about a young man who revisited the Southern community in which he had spent his youth—"The View from Pompey's Head." Now, in **"The Light Infantry Ball"** (Doubleday, $3.95) he has taken a look at the same city nearly a century earlier, at the time of the Civil War.

Heaven knows how many novels have been written about the Civil War, and we can be sure that the centennial years will add enormously to the number. Some of the forthcoming multitudes, it can be predicted, will populate the South in that crucial era with bold and beautiful hussies, as different as possible in behavior from the demure damosels that were once so popular as heroines of historical romance but not a whit more real. Others will be heavily documented, interesting, if at all, as history rather than as fiction. A few, if we are lucky, will recapture something of the spirit of the past and will at the same time make us feel that we are in the presence of living men and women.

"The Light Infantry Ball" makes little use of the conventional romantic trappings, and Basso has not cluttered up his pages with unnecessary details. This is a sober, intelligent piece of writing, based on a thoughtful consideration of the basic issues of the great conflict. Yet it isn't the kind of superior historical novel it was obviously intended to be. Something has gone wrong, and the problem is to say what.

Basso's point of departure seems to have been his belief that the Confederacy was less homogeneous than is ordinarily assumed. He makes much, for instance, of the conflict between the growers of rice and the growers of cotton, and he alludes to other sources of dissension. But the conflict that is central in his book is that between the extremists and the moderates. His hero, John Bottomley, is a moderate, by temperament and by virtue of a Northern education. John recognizes the evils of slavery, is able to appraise calmly the relative strength of North and South, and has no heart for bloodshed. His antithesis is Ules Monckton, who, even before Sumter has been fired upon, is urging not merely secession but the establishment of an empire based on slavery that would extend into South America.

This seems like a sound foundation for a novel, and the book begins in a sufficiently dramatic fashion. As it opens, early in the morning of January 19, 1861, we learn that John is about to fight a duel with Monckton. A most intricate series of flashbacks shows us the antecedents of the duel, the immediate provocation being an exchange of insults at the social occasion for which the book is named. At last, ten chapters further on, at the end of Part II, we return to January 19. John fires into the air, whereas Monckton shoots to kill, although he succeeds only in wounding John in the elbow.

The flashbacks, however, have not only told us about the conflict between John and Monckton but have introduced a variety of other themes. Ten years earlier, we learn, when he was about to be graduated from the College of New Jersey in Princeton, John had wanted to study abroad, with the idea of becoming an author or an architect, but his father had summoned him home to manage one of the family properties, and he had given in. Five years earlier he had met and fallen in love with Lydia Chadwick, and, although she rejected his advances and married an elderly widower, Senator Stanhope, he has remained in love with her. A few days earlier his brother Cameron had disappeared after borrowing a large sum of money from John. The scenes in which these themes are presented are as fully developed as those in which we see the rise of Ules Monckton and his brothers and feel the increasing tension between Ules and John.

In Part III Monckton leads the Pompey's Head Light Infantry in an attack on a nearby fort, and John observes the consequent celebration. John's chief concern at this point, however, is his brother's disappearance. He becomes convinced that a barber named Allbright, a free mulatto, has the key to the mystery, and he engages in a bit of bullying of which he is immediately ashamed. Later, in Part IV, John accidentally stumbles upon the explanation: Cameron had been trying to seduce a girl from the slums and had killed her brother when the latter interfered.

Meanwhile, Senator Stanhope has been given a post in the Confederate cabinet, and he asks John to become an assistant. Largely to please his father, John accepts. Thus it is that a year later we find him in Richmond, where it is his duty to regulate the export of cotton. Through the efforts of a zealous clerk, he uncovers some large-scale smuggling in which Senator Stanhope seems to be involved. Cameron, the wayward brother, turns up at this point with vital information about the smuggling plot. Stanhope is innocent, but that is established only after he has committed suicide. Lydia, his wife, is the guilty party, and John at last ceases to be infatuated with this ambitious and ruthless young woman. At the same time he discovers that he is in love with Arabella, her stepdaughter and enemy, who, as the reader has perceived earlier, has been in love with him all along.

The end is not yet. After three years of military service, John turns up in the vicinity of Pompey's Head, to discover that Ules Monckton is about to put into effect the scorched earth policy he has urged upon the government. Allbright, the erstwhile barber, who has been helping to manage the property in John's absence, opposes Monckton and is slain by him. John then tells his sister that Allbright was their father's half-brother. The Bottomley mansion is burned, and Monckton dies in the fire.

I HAVE summarized the plot in such detail because I know no other way of indicating that the plot is what is wrong with the novel. Each theme is worked out, every character is taken care of, all mysteries are explained. As a result, there is no more spontaneity in the novel than there is in a crossword puzzle. Even the conflict between moderate John Bottomley and intransigent Ules Monckton comes to seem one more contrivance.

Such a heavy, old-fashioned reliance on plot can be explained only on the ground that Basso did not trust his material, was not truly involved either with his characters or with his ideas. There is nothing cheap about the novel, no tawdry sensationalism, no faked nostalgia, and yet it is a disheartening performance. Basso has escaped the obvious traps only to fall into a pit of his own digging.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

From the "400" to 500 Rough Riders

"Day Before Yesterday: The Reminiscences of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr." *(Doubleday. 478 pp. $5.75), is a side-saddle gallop through life with T.R.'s eldest son, "The Lion." Gladys Brooks, author of "Three Wise Virgins" and "Gramercy Park," is herself the wife of a distinguished American, the writer Van Wyck Brooks.*

By Gladys Brooks

I am but a mirror
Having no virtue in myself.
It is my pride that he whom I reflect
is distinguished.

THESE lines of Elizabeth Coatsworth serve as foreword to Mrs. Roosevelt's book. She convinces us of her husband's distinction, establishing him thus as a person in his own right, ever a difficult achievement to the sons of the famous.

Young "Ted's" mind was of excellent quality and eager, touching on such varied fields as natural history and the Greek poets. He loved books. He would, he said, as soon be without his trousers as without a book and he memorized more poetry than is usually believed possible for a single mind. His distinction showed also in his talent for organization, the power swiftly to slough off dead wood, to erect sound timber. This power shone brightly in the Navy Department while he served as Assistant Secretary, it shone brighter when he governed Puerto Rico, it became an incandescence during the year he was Governor General of the Philippines.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.'s salient qualities, however, were courage and tenacity tied to endurance and warmth of heart, the courage of a Viking, the endurance of Atlas. In his Army career, a fighting officer leading his troops, straight at the target, he was aware of his men as human beings, vulnerable, heroic. Shortly before he died at the front, he wrote to his wife: "The longer I live the more I think of the quality of fortitude—men who fall—pick themselves up and stumble on—fall again—and are trying to get up when they die." He managed to stumble on far beyond the breaking point, landing with the assault wave upon the Normandy Beach at the H hour. Cane in hand, in continual pain from an arthritic hip, he limped forward beside his men because it steadied them, he said, to know he was among them. Valor such as this he learned in his youth when the family tenet was: "Sickness is always a shame and often a crime." In a letter from young Quentin to his mother telling her of his father's last hours, he wrote: "The Lion is dead—It was like the magnificent climax of a great play."

Eleanor Alexander, the Lion's wife —brought up in the Nineties, the "400" as background to her family life, an only child who, until her marriage, had not put on her own shoes and stockings, brushed her own hair, or gone into the streets alone—was initiated as by hurricane winds on her wedding day into the Roosevelt pattern, a cross weave of dreadful discomfort, buffoonery, high activity, and never-ending application to the task. Five hundred Rough Riders appeared at the wedding, carrying away most of the little boxes of cake intended for friends, while the honeymoon was a game of hide and seek played with reporters and the curious. Spending a summer at Sagamore Hill after the birth of her baby, she lost twenty-six pounds as a result of the "strenuous life." These she never regained.

In the life they shared for thirty-four years her portion was as arduous as her husband's. She invested the family funds, entertained with conspicuous success, took part in Ted's political speaking campaigns, accompanied him on big-game expeditions for which she trained in advance to become a good shot and sure-footed climber. And always she was a devoted and affectionate mother to her four children. On their travels to the Orient, in spite of migraine headaches unrelenting in their attacks, Mrs. Roosevelt, at her husband's side, happily accepted the favors of maharajahs, sultans, viceroys, governor generals, staying in white palaces with marble floors, riding elephants and watching peacocks fly through the air, their long tails floating, killing tigers by special invitation in forbidden Nepal, accepting as well the hazards of torrential rains, 120° heat, fever, sleepless nights, while seizing the occasional quiet moment to write in her journal and work at the elaborate embroidery now hung in museums.

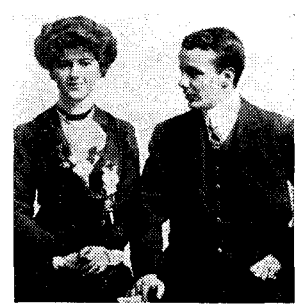
During the two wars she followed her husband abroad, justifying her presence there by her work with the YMCA and the Red Cross, work for which she was presently decorated. Tidworth House near Salisbury Plain, converted to a large-scale canteen, was once called "a cross between Bedlam and the Ritz." This seems a valid description of the joint Roosevelt existence, which managed also to produce a solid core of "love and goodness," two words, said their friend Alexander Woolcott, that the modern generation had lost the trick of using.

The forty-two chapters of "Day Before Yesterday" are headed each by a quotation, bringing an added depth to a book written in simple, laconic style that eschews the dramatic and reminds one of a child's recitation from a lesson in history. It serves, because of the stirring content, to keep the reader eagerly turning the pages.

The Camera Focuses on the Lion's Lady

Eleanor Alexander Roosevelt seen, left to right, at two with her mother; at twenty with "young Ted" during her engagement; today with her memories of "Bedlam and the Ritz."

1890



1910

1959

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Salute to a Magnificent Cog

"The Saga of Pappy Gunn," by General George C. Kenney *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 133 pp. $2.95), brings together, as subject and author, two legendary World War II figures: respectively, a fearless maverick flyer and one of the greatest airmen of our time. Robert Lee Scott, Jr., brigadier general, USAF, ret., wrote "God Is My Co-Pilot" and most recently "Flying Tiger: Chennault of China."*

By Robert L. Scott, Jr.

WHEN George Kenney—fighter pilot from World War I and staunch advocate of the cause of Billy Mitchell—was hastily sent out to the South Pacific by the fast-thinking Hap Arnold, he was dispatched to perhaps the most crucial assignment of any man in his time. He was already a No. 1 airman—this Kenney. Here though was his greatest challenge. For, great as MacArthur was as a soldier, and as colorful as he was as an articulate and positive hero, he was not an airman, and he needed positive advice on the proper use of the air arm. George Kenney, then, had his hands full. But not only did he win the obvious battles above the seas and across the very heavens: he sold Douglas MacArthur on air power.

In fact, when our victorious forces landed on the shores of Japan General MacArthur came down the ramp of his MATS transport—the *Bataan* (a C-54)—as the justified conquering hero. He had "returned" as he had promised his men and millions of Filipinos, and none deserved to be there cast in the role of victor more than he. After all, he had been the responsible one—had the method failed.

Suddenly a war correspondent came right to the point:

"How does it feel to have risen from defeat, General . . . To be here now in glorious triumph . . .?"

I will never forget that moment. We had escorted the *Bataan* in over Tokyo with our P-51 Mustangs. We respected General MacArthur above all leaders. But we also knew the part that a smaller man, who was hidden behind the taller MacArthur, had played in this victory. How would the great Douglas MacArthur answer this question? Well, we didn't have long to wait.

General MacArthur stood there tall

Gen. George Kenney . . . a hero's hero.

that day, and when he reached back among his staff and led George Kenney forward he appeared taller than ever before to us airmen.

> Gentlemen, thank you for this opportunity of presenting to you and to the world one to whom I owe a great deal. This is my air commander—General George Kenney. Here is the man who taught me how to use air power—as well as a good portion of the tactics which led the Allied forces to victory!

This new military service and its proper use as a primary force, rather than a contributory one, had possibly saved millions of soldiers and seamen. And it had been General George Kenney who had tutored the old master Douglas MacArthur. Now each of us was proud that he had been big enough to admit it.

General Kenney goes a step further and admits something to us in his book, "The Saga of Pappy Gunn": that no man is an island; even the greatest must have help. But for such an admission by General Kenney, cogs in the machine like the unconventional Paul I. Gunn might be relegated to the limbo of the nonconformists, the "screwballs."

> He was a most spectacular person [the General says of Pappy], in fact, spectacular things just appeared to gravitate towards him . . . as though to emphasize that he was different. And there was something strangely contagious about that difference which often communicated itself to everyone who came close. He lived, died and was buried differently from other people . . .

Now don't form a snap judgment about Pappy Gunn. He was a soldier—make no mistake about that. He was that and more too. He started out in the Navy and went all the way from mechanic to pilot. He took off on flying jobs kind of "sub-rosa"—and his commission didn't come through as the verbal orders had implied. Still Pappy flew on and on. There was a war to fight out in the Philippines in early 1942. That was an outstanding characteristic of his—devotion—regardless of military orders and regulations.

He was devoted to his country, the Air Force, and to his commanders. And all this time—while he was assembling airplanes (more like the crates of World War I) with his pliers and screwdrivers and baling-wire he was aware every second that his wife and children were prisoners of the Japanese. He knew, too, that they were being starved and tortured because of what he was doing.

Through it all nothing was impossible to him. Though technological "gadgetry" had started some time before, Pappy still dug out his jungle wrecks, and with several battered hulks of airplanes to work on, developed something to be known as "cannibalization," wherein he made one flyable wreck out of many. And all the time he was telling his endless flamboyant yarns and demonstrating leadership to those younger and less experienced.

Pappy's last crash came in the jungles of the Philippines—naturally in one of his "cannibalized crates." Since he was on retired status there were no regulations by which to move his body to the soldiers' grave in a national cemetery. Nevertheless, regulations or not, by some fluke his body was flown in a military transport plane across the Pacific to air base after air base until, as a retired Air Force officer, he was buried in a Navy cemetery, probably by a Coast Guard chaplain—and the whole trip halfway around the world was unauthorized. But then had Pappy Gunn ever been authorized?

GENERAL KENNEY was a great tactical airman—one of the greatest. He was the architect of SAC—our Strategic Air Command—for which the entire free world will owe him forever a debt of gratitude. But as the chronicler of the life and times of one of his boys—Pappy Gunn—he has now left us a moving tribute to a man who helped make big victories possible.

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Simone de Beauvoir (right) and younger sister, Poupette . . . "suddenly the future existed."

Being of "The Beaver"

"Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter," by Simone de Beauvoir; *translated by James Kirkup (World. 382 pp. $5), recounts as if in the third person the various rungs of the French writer's growth from conformist child to existential woman. Germaine Brée, a frequent critic for* SR, *is the author of the study "Camus."*

By Germaine Brée

"WHY DID I decide to be an author? As a child, I had never taken my scribblings seriously . . . I did not feel I was a 'born' writer. Yet at the age of fifteen when I wrote in a friend's album the plans and preferences which were supposed to give a picture of my personality, I answered without hesitation the question 'What do you want to do later in Life?' with 'To be a famous author.'" To the same question thousands of fifteen-year-olds give the same answer. But very few among the four or five hundred Frenchwomen who are writers today approach Mlle. de Beauvoir in stature. No doubt this is sufficient in itself to justify her feeling that she became a writer through her own free "existential" choice. "Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter," the fascinating first volume of her autobiography, might well be considered as the grand finale of Mlle. de Beauvoir's brilliant and much discussed study on woman, "The Second Sex."

The author obviously is not indulging in reminiscence for the sake of reminiscence. Daydreaming was certainly never the failing of "The Beaver," as her fellow students affectionately nicknamed her. Her autobiography is as determinedly purposeful as her life apparently has been, and it is unflinchingly ordered according to existential perspectives. Occasionally one stops to wonder at the five-year-old who rolls in her head the following thoughts: "Suddenly the future existed; it would turn me into another being, someone who would still be, yet no longer seem to be, myself." Or, "I kept on growing and I realized that my fate was sealed. I was condemned to be an outcast from childhood." One suspects, too, that the relation between the growing child and her narrowly conventional *milieu,* stuffy as it probably was, is drastically schematized to fit the existential descriptions of "non-authentic" bourgeois modes of behavior and self-conscious "bad faith." But these perspectives are so inherent a part of Mlle. de Beauvoir's unquestioning vision of things, they so clearly reveal both the flavor and the limitations of a personality, that, if one takes them with a grain of salt, they add to the appeal of the book.

"I was born at four o'clock in the morning on the ninth of January 1908." So begin the memoirs, setting the tone, which is both Mlle. de Beauvoir's own, and unmistakably existential: a flat, apparently dispassionate record of an individual experience. When the volume ends, the young woman, at twenty-one, has emerged from the confines of her intellectually and socially limited family cell. She has brilliantly passed her "Agrégation" of philosophy, a high university degree, and is setting out on the road to independence.

The story told, combining the intent earnestness which, it seems, has characterized Mlle. de Beauvoir from childhood, with a studied objectivity of tone, is as convincing as any good novel. There is no overt moralizing on woman's fate nor does the author indulge in generalities on childhood or in flights of nostalgia. The changing inner and outer world of the growing girl, which Mlle. de Beauvoir recreated with the aid of her adolescent diary, is given as seen and felt from within in each one of the different phases of growth. The cramped Paris life, the freer life in the old provincial chateau during vacations, the gradual frittering away, after World War I, of the social status of the family in a changing world are reflected through the child's consciousness rather than directly described. So also are the sexual problems, which play only a secondary part in the girl's development. The richest part of the book is, perhaps, in the description of the friendships made, the new human dimensions added along the path that takes the "well-beloved," complacent, "model" little girl out of her strictly Catholic, conformist setting into the breezy, vigorous atmosphere of the young male students of philosophy. And what a group! Sartre the friend, intellectual mentor, and chosen companion; Aron, the now famous political scientist; Politzer and Nizan, both highly talented. The adolescent's discovery of the world, the difficulties and at times the tragedies involved in marriage, in falling in love, all these come vividly alive. In spite of some rather lengthy bits, this is perhaps the best piece of writing Mlle. de Beauvoir has yet done; the translator does it justice.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 833

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 833 will be found in the next issue.

K ALBM CKX FXPAB

MDMZQWTLXH; K

BTZMAS PXM,

MDMZQNPSQ.

—KYWTPZ YXFXPAX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 832

Absence sharpens love; presence strengthens it.

—FULLER.

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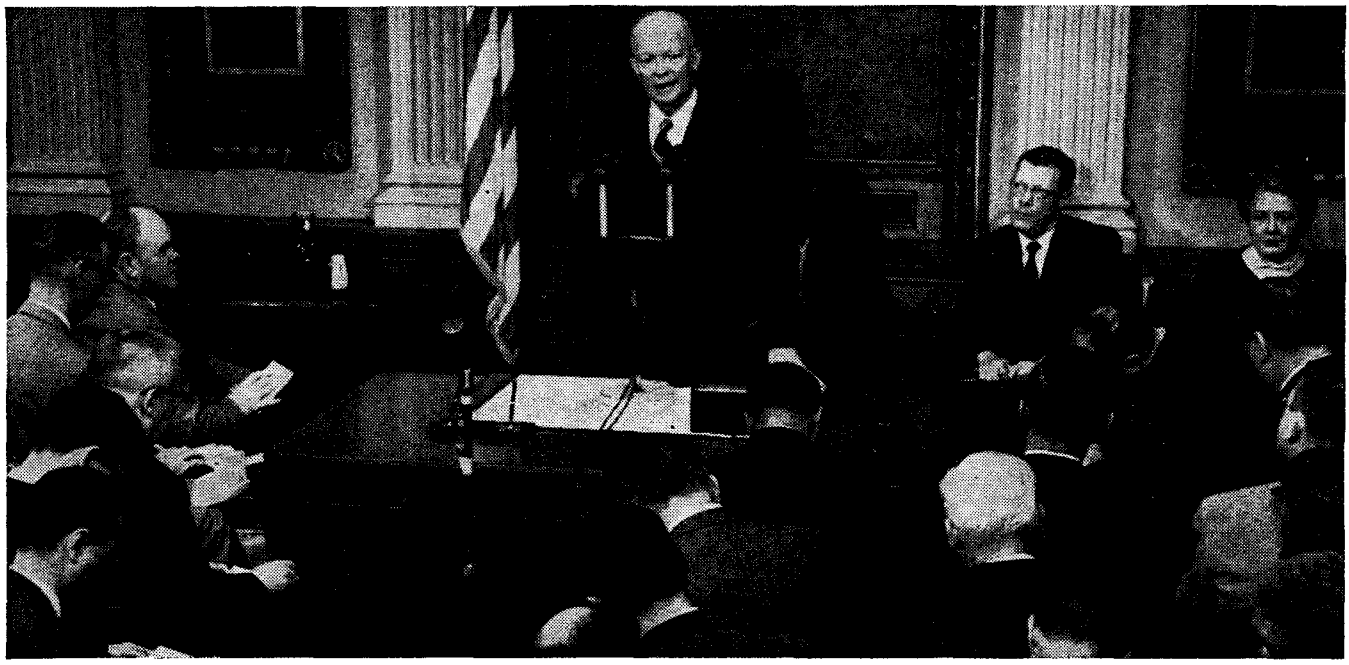

President Eisenhower's February news conference. At President's left, James Hagerty . . . most publicized public-relations expert.

The Perils and Promise of Our Nation's Press

"The Fourth Branch of Government," by Douglass Cater *(Houghton Mifflin. 194 pp. $3.50), examining the interplay between Washington and the press, asks: What is the duty of the correspondent? Lindsay Rogers, our reviewer, has been associate editor of* Political Science Quarterly *since 1921. In 1928 Mr. Rogers wrote the Democratic National Campaign Book.*

By Lindsay Rogers

MEN who cultivate the art of rising in politics—I do not exclude those who wear epaulets—value their public-relations advisers as highly as they do their physicians or confessors, and the expense to the taxpayers runs into many millions annually. It is a rare Senator or Representative who does not have a press adviser on his pay roll. The most publicized public-relations expert, President Eisenhower's Press Secretary, James Hagerty, has been described as holding "a lens ground to his own prescription over the White House, and outsiders have little choice but to look through it." Lesser Hagerties swarm around the Pentagon and other Government departments and seek to have their chiefs appear repeatedly but only favorably in the newspapers. Simultaneously, Congressional committees complain that the White House and the departments are too secretive, that they withhold facts.

Assisted by, but sometimes working against those on the public payroll are more than 700 newspaper correspondents accredited to the press galleries, 200 men and women who report Washington for radio and television, and the representatives (sometimes quite numerous) of seventy-eight magazines.

For nine years Mr. Douglass Cater, Washington correspondent of *The Reporter,* has observed and thought about the groups which, he suggests, make up "The Fourth Branch of Government." Before his examination was completed, he went on a trip around the world, was able to view the Washington scene from afar, and during stays in Moscow and London saw how the Russians and British handled their "fourth departments." The former are trying an experiment in "controlled fission of news." The British style is to spotlight Parliament and its scrutiny of the administration. With a viewpoint that is far from parochial, Mr. Cater, "after prolonged birthing," has been able to produce a book that is important, questioning, and vivid.

He is not content with broad generalizations but gets down to concrete cases and frequently quotes other Washington correspondents who, like

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• *The steady advance of technology stimulates fears from time to time of an era of controlled propaganda. Electronic miracles in communication are now possible in television and radio. Already, for example, the national party headquarters can add ghosted appearances to ghost writing as a technique of campaigning. An aspiring candidate is shown on the television screen engaged in earnest conversation with a prominent Cabinet member. No one need know that he has been dubbed into a prepared film without having met the Cabinet officer in the flesh. When questioned about the ethics of this practice, one of its innovators retorted rather sharply to this reporter: "You don't think anything about it when a Hollywood movie shows the star singing from the back of a horse. Yet you know he actually didn't sing on horseback. What's the difference?"*

—*From* "The Fourth Branch of Government," by Douglass Cater *(Houghton Mifflin).*

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himself, are concerned about the relations between public information and public trust. Of the many interesting matters that he discusses and that are largely overlooked by the outsider, I can mention here only two.

"The leak," he says, "has been institutionalized." For example, in 1953 Secretary Dulles held a background conference and disclosed that he had been thinking about a Korean boundary settlement along the line of the narrow waist of the peninsula. The headlines drew blasts from "the Asia-ationalists" (not Mr. Cater's term)—particularly Senator William Knowland, and a White House denial emerged "drafted by none other than Dulles himself which stated that 'The Administration has never reached any conclusion that a permanent division of Korea is desirable or feasible or consistent with the decisions of the United Nations.'" The words "conclusion" and "permanent" were important. They enabled Mr. Dulles to keep from repudiating himself completely. Mr. Cater gives a number of other examples and asks this question: What is the duty of the correspondent? Should he just report or should he barge out, endeavor to say, "I object to being drafted to serve in a psychological unit in the cold war," and then let his editor decide whether the warning to the reader will be diluted or deleted?

MR. CATER has some trenchant things to say about the silly assumption that press conferences are the effective American counterpart of questions to the Prime Minister or other ministers in the House of Commons. In Washington there is "no power of pursuit" as there is in the House of Commons even when the Prime Minister is the man who is being heckled. Supplementary questions to point out that replies are adventures in precocity rather than frank answers are unknown in Washington press conferences.

This is the case even when the holder of the conference is only a Cabinet member. Secretary of State Dulles, who probably has put on the most perfect technical performances of any American officeholder who has ever held press conferences, could not be gone after as the Foreign Secretary is in the House of Commons. In the case of Presidential conferences, when listeners may not know whether a flood of words implies an affirmative or negative, headlines may result but the effect may be confusion rather than clarification of the public mind. Also there is the danger of some ill-considered remark which cannot be challenged and which may muddy the waters. President Truman once said that use of the atomic bomb was always a possibility and Prime Minister Attlee took a plane post haste to Washington.

Such matters and many others Mr. Cater has dealt with frankly and suggestively. His conclusion is this:

> . . . Despite the size of the press corps, the vast paraphernalia at its disposal, and all the Government facilities for dispensing information, there is growing awareness of the perilous state of our communications. Yet, hopefully, there is also a new sense of awareness that our very survival as a free nation may depend on the capacity of reporters to relate the essential truth, and "make a picture of reality on which men can act."

Amateurs Replace Pros at Polls

***"Elm St. Politics," by Stephen A. Mitchell** (Oceana. 123 pp. $2.95), tells how the "citizens for . . ." clubs might be more effective. Samuel Lubell, who wrote "The Future of American Politics," adds his own suggestion.*

By Samuel Lubell

AT HIS White House stag dinners President Eisenhower liked to ask his businessmen guests, "Do you know what election precinct you live in?" Almost invariably the stumped businessman would have to reply "no." Thereupon the President would launch into a short lecture on why, if businessmen were to become effective politically, they would have to get into politics at the neighborhood level, even to performing such grubby precinct chores as registering reluctant voters or baby-sitting during election day.

This concept of every citizen as his own precinct worker hasn't yet swept the nation but it is definitely catching on. Since 1952 each major election campaign has been marked by the appearance of "citizens for . . ." clubs dedicated to some particular candidate. In much of the country the old party professionals, so skilled in translating political favors into votes, are being challenged by amateurs who have been forming their own political clubs to agitate "the issues" at a highly literate level.

A onetime Democratic Party chairman, Stephen Mitchell has written a highly provocative review of this new "club movement." He shrewdly attributes its growth to a profound crisis of party organization that the nation is going through. Rapid social change is destroying the very basis of political power of the old-style ward boss and his rural equivalent, the courthouse ring. As Mr. Mitchell analyzes these changes—the passing of the immigrant, the expansion of the middle class and the exodus to the suburbs, the rise in the general educational level, and increasing urbanization of the countryside—he sees a "new style politics" taking over, which would permit any ordinary citizen to "have his own political say."

The challenging vision that inspires Mr. Mitchell, in short, is of a new party organization based on leisure rather than patronage. But how much of an improvement over the past will this more genteel politics of tree-lined, middle-class streets prove?

It is true, of course, as Mr. Mitchell argues, that politics has long been "too much of a spectator's sport," and more of us should get out in the playing field. Much of Mr. Mitchell's slim volume is given over to effective do-it-yourself hints on how interested citizens, Democrats or Republicans, can organize their own neighborhood clubs.

BUT whenever I have sat in on a meeting of these new "clubs" I have been struck by how highly ideological—and empty—is the talk. Almost, in fact, these clubs seem to generate about as unthinking a party loyalty as characterized any oldtime ward organization. Instead of being held together by the lure of jobs, the new club membership seems cemented by a ritualistic faith in a few catchy slogans which reflect the animosities and loyalties of Franklin Roosevelt's day. Whether the "club" is one of businessmen, labor union members, or suburbanites, rarely is there any hard-headed effort to think through the economic and social problems that stump both parties.

In sum, "Elm Street Politics" should prove a highly valuable stimulus to more effective political participation of the average man or woman, and this is all that Mr. Mitchell has set out to provide. My own reservation is that all of this glandular activity will represent a waste of energy if it is not accompanied by some realistic thinking.

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Five Senses of a Ten-Year-Old

"Elizabeth," by Henri Troyat; *translated by Nicolas Monjo (Simon & Schuster. 407 pp. $4.95), which traces the path of the young heroine from a Parisian cafe to a country boarding school, follows, says our reviewer, "the great novelistic tradition." Otis Fellows is a professor of French at Columbia University.*

By Otis Fellows

ALTHOUGH "Elizabeth" is the third volume of Henri Troyat's absorbing family saga of life in twentieth-century France, and, as such, will be warmly welcomed by those already familiar with the first two, it can also stand completely on its own. Here, too, the author shows himself to be a master of controlled sentimentality and the ironic touch. The same warmth of understanding, the same deft psychological observations, the same wealth of sensory impressions that characterized Troyat's previous writings give both breadth and universal meaning to this varicolored narrative.

The wonderful and awesome universe that surrounds Elizabeth, a child of ten, is both the teeming, carefree, wanton Paris of the early Twenties, and the leisurely, at times earthy French countryside of the same period. In swiftly moving yet carefully detailed scenes the author through uncanny insights leads us into the soul of an impressionable, high-spirited child whose five senses are eagerly open to the many-faceted reality that closes in about her. It is largely this world that the reader sees through the clear eyes of an inquisitive, ubiquitous little girl edging toward puberty.

Amelie, Elizabeth's pretty mother —all common sense and scruple—efficiently presides over the Crystal Cafe while tenderly worrying about her ailing husband, whose nervous despondence and abortive love-making cause her to regret the smilingly masterful man she once knew so well. Behind the bar stands handsome, good-natured, irresponsible Denis, Elizabeth's doting uncle. And then there is Clementine, the appealing maid fresh from the provinces, whose clandestine love for Denis provokes Amelie's ire and Elizabeth's sympathetic fascination.

Whether in colorful Montmartre, in the austere boarding school of Sainte-Colombe, or with her provincial relatives in Jeyzelou, Elizabeth's life, at once simple and intricate, is marked by moments of humility and pride, bewilderment and exaltation. The emptiness of a dark room, a cold night sky, a handkerchief's farewell, a dead bird shrouded in leaves, a half-opened skylight, a somersaulting clown—all suggest a subtle symbolism which pervades and enriches the meaning of everyday experience. As Elizabeth gropes with mysterious riddles hidden behind the familiar world of appearances, we encounter in various guises sex, fear, loneliness, religion, and death.

Troyat is foremost a novelist and artist who compellingly writes of the heartaches and tears, gaiety and laughter, which are at the core of all human experience. Here is no ponderous philosophizing, none of the doubtful metaphysics or of the political moralizing so widespread in contemporary literature. It is indeed refreshing to find that with Troyat the story is the thing. As a consummate craftsman who knows how to weave the threads of individual destinies into a broad pattern through a series of related works, he is continuing in the great novelistic tradition of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The admirers of "Elizabeth," of whom there should be many, will undoubtedly wait with impatience for the inevitable sequel.

Make a wish and then blow, man, blow.

Distilled Heritage

"The Chosen," edited by Harold Ribalow *(Abelard-Schuman. 352 pp. $5) and* ***"Whither?," by Mordecai Zeev Feierberg;*** *translated by Ira Eisenstein (Abelard-Schuman. 136 pp. $2.75), are both examples of Jewish prose; the former presents contemporary short stories while the latter is a novel by a nineteenth-century mystic. Maxwell Geismar is a critic, whose latest book is "American Moderns."*

By Maxwell Geismar

MR. RIBALOW, one of the best-informed critics of Jewish literature in the United States, has put together an interesting anthology of American-Jewish short stories. Among the better-known writers of these tales are Charles Angoff, Bernard Malamud, Isaac Rosenfeld, Howard Nemerov, Leslie Fiedler, and Herbert Gold—but at least half of the contributors are younger people whose work is also worthy of comment. The book has many values—social, cultural, philosophic—as well as literary merit.

The time of "acculturation" (to use

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a sociological term) is almost over. Most of these writers, and others, like Saul Bellow (who is not represented here), are not so much concerned with the problem of "adjustment" to the melting pot. They are more interested, if I read these stories right, in recalling and preserving their Jewish heritage in the new world—and in trying to find the real meaning of this heritage. The most disturbing aspect of American society today is a bland and oleaginous conformity. If these stories are not mainly rebellious, they are at least diverse and, thank God, different.

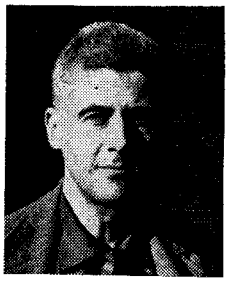
I ONLY wish they were more so. Mr. Angoff's "Uncle Pinchus" is a tender and nostalgic sketch of a Jewish ne'er-do-well — a synagogue loafer— in Boston. Mr. Fiedler's "The Dancing of Reb Hershl" is a rather demonic and Poe-esque tale of Jewish symbolism during the Polish pogroms. Among the contributions of new writers in this volume, Sylva Grossman's "The Happy Ending" is a superior tale of family life in its warmth and humanity, while Robert Kirsch's "Said Hillel" is a rather tricky anecdote of a Negro rabbi from Ethiopia. Then there is the well-known Malamud story, called rather cheaply "The Last Mohican," about the American "art critic" in Rome and his scoundrelly "friend," the European Jewish refugee. This again is a symbolic story, though well done, as is to a certain degree Howard Nemerov's "The Twitch" and Isaac Rosenfeld's "The Grossmans."

All these stories are well written, well constructed, clever, and entertaining. Their main trouble is that they are "reconstructing" a Jewish tradition of childhood or of grandparenthood from a more or less academic American point of view. The melting pot has done its work too well perhaps; what emerges here is a distillation of Jewish life in the new world which lacks something of the vulgar, acrimonious, and comic folk tradition of an earlier age.

Mordecai Feierberg's "Whither?" also makes clear the deep historical chasm between the Jewish tradition of the old and new worlds. The former was a heritage of centuries during which the Jews were cut off from Western civilization, were betrayed and hounded and persecuted, and immured themselves behind the "Book" and the Talmud while they waited for the Messiah. The autobiographical hero of "Whither?" is raised in a Polish-Jewish ghetto, where religious and scholarly study is the only path of hope, or at least of salvation, in a blank vista of social misery.

Yet it is just through the discipline of religious study that, while he yearns for the simple pleasures and gaiety that life should yield "Nachman, the Madman" discovers the "forbidden books" of Jewish culture and then reads the heretical books of Western culture in the nineteenth century. The description of provincial Jewish life on the eve of the Enlightenment, the Haskalah, is the achievement of this novelette. The spiritual conflict of its hero is conveyed with beauty and insight.

Feierberg was a young mystic writer, who recorded barely more than a few stories before he died; but it is good to have him become part of our wider literary tradition. Both his brief novel and Mr. Ribalow's anthology are valuable contributions to cultural diversity in this age of standardization.



Howard Nemerov

Charles Angoff

Bernard Malamud

All for the Sake of Minnie

***"The John Wood Case," by Ruth Suckow** (Viking. 314 pp. $3.95), set in Iowa during the early years of this century, tells of the effects of embezzlement upon the family and friends of the guilty man. Novelist Helga Sandburg is the author of "The Wheel of Earth" and "Measure My Love."*

By Helga Sandburg

TWO parts compose this novel set in the early 1900s. The first hundred pages, almost devoid of action, set the stage where the crime of John Wood will be exposed. The following pages explore the reactions of the embezzler's family and friends, and of the townspeople of Midwest Fairview, when he is found out. John Wood's son, Philip Sidney, seventeen, extraordinarily devoted to his parents, is the "youthful king," the chosen valedictorian, of his senior class. It is with his story, and his total but pallid nobility, that the book is concerned.

Because Philip's mother, Minnie, has been a chronic invalid since girlhood, the boy and his father have undertaken housework and cooked the meals, assisted through the years by friendly neighbors. There is no rebellion in Philip, who has regarded himself as the satisfactory product of a Browningesque love. And since John Wood's crime was undertaken for the sake of Minnie, the judgments of the townsfolk are not simply come by. There lies the interest of the tale; the last pages are absorbing.

There is no suggestion of suspense prefacing the discovery of John Wood's act. If a reader is in a hurry this book is not for him; it is no mystery thriller.

Two of the most successful people who emerge are John Wood's employer, the Civil War veteran Colonel George Merriam and his Puritanical wife, Lydia. The Colonel had looked on John Wood as a substitute for his own inadequate son. There are minor characters that retain a nondimensional quality: the pastor, Jerry Storm; Philip's invalid girl friend, who is the Colonel's granddaughter; the town photographer, Mr. Rakosi. John Wood himself is but lightly touched on. We are informed he is handsome, and though his "clothes were not ministerial there was a correctness about them and about John himself with his well-brushed hair and trim mustache." But we are never permitted to delve into his soul as into, for example, Mrs. Merriam's. There are implications at times of an aberration in John Wood. Miss Suckow repeatedly refers to a "slight misalignment" of his inscrutable blue eyes. The mystery is unsolved. However, John Wood's self-concerned motive is acceptable.

Miss Suckow writes in her well-

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known plain and honest prose. One would wish, however, that the book had ended on an intimate scene between John and Minnie. The reader feels continually that the characters are contained within an outline, and if Miss Suckow would let them go (as she has done in "New Hope" and "The Folks") they would come alive. Nevertheless, the book is well worth reading. It is fine to have a fresh novel of Miss Suckow's once more.

TIME OF GETTYSBURG: Of the making of many books on the American Civil War there is apparently to be no end, but Don Robertson's **"The Three Days"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) is, in its own special fashion, one of the more interesting. Written with precision and an unusual feeling of identification with its subjects, this novel combines the sweep of an historical situation with the immediacy of personal narrative.

The "three days" are those of the hell of Gettysburg, during June of 1863, when Lee's Army of Northern Virginia pushed into Pennsylvania. It was the period which would determine the conflict's issue and the pattern of the nation's democratic government.

In a series of sharply-written, factual appraisals Don Robertson sketches a panoramic background of the bloody clash. Between each such segment he turns periodically to the lives of a few men of the New York Cavalry as they bend toward the edge of catastrophe. In muscular, masculine prose, Mr. Robertson's imagination fills in a convincing picture.

Corporal Mabry, Lieutenant Castetter, Private Patterson, a girl named Leora are the ignoble and sometimes, despite themselves, almost noble figures of the novel. Mr. Robertson has scenes of acrid acts and pungent dialogue not to be found in the oldtime "My Maryland" school of Confederate-Yankee novels.

At the beginning "the land was fat and rested and fecund," with an "aliveness" that "rose at you as part of the air." In the morning the men stirred, cursed at friend or enemy; meeting the crises of Gettysburg, the crises of their lives, they reacted in varying fashions, this one clinging, somehow saving himself, the other losing everything in a small and petty act. At the end we find an "exhausted raggletaggle mass."

At times the sweep of military action, the wide swing of the war, overpowers the individual participants, and here and there Mr. Robertson fails to probe as deeply as he might into the motives of his protagonists. Nevertheless he succeeds in presenting an impressive, often moving work.

—HARNETT T. KANE.

RASCALITY

Spotlight on the Sharply Dressed

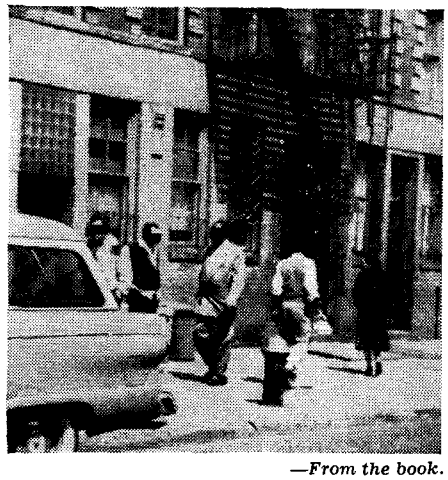
"The Mob's Man," as told to James D. Horan *(Crown. 256 pp. $3.95), is the account by a former racketeer of the operation and dismemberment of a hundred-million-dollar policy syndicate. A frequent magazine writer in the crime field, our critic, Frank O'Leary is general editor of "A Dictionary of Underworld Lingo."*

By Frank O'Leary

THIS is one of the most exciting behind-the-scenes studies of the anatomy of a multimillion-dollar policy number operation to go into print. It is altogether fitting that it should have been written by a crusading newspaperman, James D. Horan, co-author of the widely read "The D. A.'s Man" and an active member of the team of law-enforcement officers, in collaboration with a renegade underworlder who infiltrated and smashed this bloodthirsty mob.

Cynics may argue that crushing such a ring is at best a temporary victory, knocking the hoods out of organized action for a time and effecting the weeding-out of a handful of corrupt police officers. This type of defeatist thinking is as unreasonable as the conclusion that the citizen might as well leave his home unlocked on the theory that burglars can defeat any protective device.

Mr. Horan, special events editor of the *New York Journal-American*, is a realistic crime expert who recognizes that the citizenry and the mobsters are engaged in unceasing cold war, and a stiff offensive policy imposes limitations on the power and arrogance of The Mob. For the public to surrender the initiative, Mr. Horan implies, would lead to underworld power so great as to be tantamount to seizure of the reins of government itself.



—*From the book.*

Runner shown delivering day's work in paper bag to a numbers drop. Two tough characters outside are lookouts.

—*From the book.*

Casper (Kingfish) Holstein—kidnaped by mobsters, paid the $50,000 ransom without a qualm only to be taken over by Dutch Schultz.

Much of this true-crime story is an as-told-to, first-person narrative by "Andy" (not further identified), an ex-convict who worked his way through petty crime, a series of stick-ups, several long terms in major prisons, and a knee-in-the-groin and icepick-in-the-belly climb down the underworld ladder of success to a key spot in the Harlem policy numbers organization.

Ritchie, Andy's partner in crime, was consumed with ambition. Being The Mob's Man was not enough. He muscled his way into leadership of a division of The Mob only to pay for his brief taste of power with a violent end. Andy, enamored of a decent girl, infuriated by the callous murder of his curiously appealing pal, decided to break with The Mob and avenge the slaying. Working with the author and the police, he enabled them to seize the controlling elements in the $100,000,000 racket. When the top dogs received suspended sentences, Andy was embittered. Not even the New York City police commissioner's award of a Civilian Citation to Horan diluted his anger.

The mob got off—that's all that

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matters to them [he told Horan]. Do you think they'd let me get hurt now? They know that if I'm found in the river, the whole thing would explode. . . . Oh, no! They're not going to let that happen. So, the word's gone out—let Andy alone. Let the creep die in bed . . . spit on him but don't touch him. . . . Society that I tried to help let me down, but the mob that I betrayed is protecting me!

Andy's colorful recital of his reaction to life in several maximum-security prisons and under the pressures of close parole surveillance is highly revelatory. Twice returned to prison for violation of his parole, Andy provides a striking case for the effectiveness of a well-organized parole system. It becomes evident that this is the real force that nudged him back on the path of acceptable social behavior.

Readers of "The Mob's Man" will be better equipped to understand those shadowy figures on the street corner, sharply dressed, sinister of mien, always in funds although perennially unemployed, who haunt every sizable American community.

In a Naïve Day the Knaves Played

***"The Scandalous Scamps," by Harold Mehling** (Holt. 211 pp. $3.95), is a lighthearted study of ten famous American rogues to whom, in one way or another, society paid its debt. David Dempsey, who frequently comments on the curious, reviews it.*

By David Dempsey

IT IS almost impossible to be a rogue anymore—a really colorful one, at least. Crime, like crime-detection, has become scientific. (The last of the old breed, and certainly one of the boldest, was Willie Sutton, who, when asked why he always robbed banks, replied, "Because that's where the money is.") We are still swindled, but seldom bamboozled. Manipulation has taken the place of imagination; a man doesn't have the opportunities for fakery that his grandparents did, and although we may be wealthier for it, our crime literature is decidedly poorer.

—*From the book.*

Andrew Carnegie from 1905 old *Life* magazine cover—One scamp, on strength of representing herself as his wild-oat child, got away with $12,000,000 in "loans" on securities he supposedly gave her.

To rectify this situation, Mr. Mehling has revived some of the classic rascals in our past: Robert Matthews, alias the Prophet Matthias, who raided his victims' bank accounts, coveted their wives, and poisoned their bodies; John Slack and Philip Arnold, who "salted" a diamond mine to the tune of $650,000; John Alexander Dowie of Zion City fame; Louis Enricht, whose shifty genius for things mechanical fooled Henry Ford (who was not hard to fool); Boss Tweed and "Goat Gland" Brinkley. . . .

All of these men, and a few others here enshrined, were shrewd psychologists. They knew that the public, if it is going to be fooled at all, likes to be fooled in a big way. "The Scandalous Scamps" is their story, once over slightly, for Mr. Mehling, who is an entertaining writer, nevertheless limits himself to a journalistic detailing of events. The only fault I find with his book is that he doesn't tell us *how* rogues get roguish, or *why* the public is gullible. If he will pardon me, I'd like to offer a few notes for a chapter that was not written.

First, in a disturbing number of cases, there is an intimate relationship—perhaps partnership is the word—among religion, money, and sex. People who have one of these characteristics in a big way usually have the others too. Men like Dowie, Matthews, "Doc" Brinkley, and Wilbur Glenn Voliva made a good thing out of all three. The drives are multiple, and the consequences just that much more dangerous in the wrong hands.

Second, the really artistic swindlers—the men who made a life work of it—flourished best in the romantic atmosphere of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They appealed to our optimistic natures, our naïve social aspirations; thus, the quality that seduced Henry Ford into being hoodwinked was also the quality that enabled him to improve the internal combustion engine. His was the age of the basement tinkerer, and it was quite natural for phony tinkerers to take advantage of his gullibility. The moral is that an imaginative society breeds imaginative outlaws.

Third, the public insists that if it is going to be cheated, it damned well better be entertained in the process. Brinkley was a past master at this, and so was John Worrell Keeley, with his scientific frauds. Richard Whitney, on the other hand, being a stockbroker and a man of no artistic imagination whatever, was clapped into jail. In a word, the great swindlers gave us something in return, chiefly the illusion that it is possible to beat the system.

As I say, Mr. Mehling could have made a good book better if he had generalized more about the nature of scampery. He might even have quoted Herbert Spencer's dictum that "the inevitable result of protecting men from their own folly is to fill the world with fools."

Criminal Record

A SCENT OF WHITE POPPIES. *By John Christopher. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Young Englishman returns from abroad to take over family estate on Yorkshire coast; murder attempts make him uneasy (is his brand-new bride villainess or heroine?); old Yank pal ("guess"-man) is called in. Fast action by land and by sea.

ONCE UPON A CRIME. *By Christopher Monig. Dutton.* $2.95. Million-dollar jewel heist takes Brian Brett, Yank insurance eye, all the way to Johannesburg; complications develop as solution seems close; end not unguessable. Slow fuse.

THE LAST ESCAPE. *By E. C. R. Lorac. Crime Club.* $2.95. Old MacDonald buys a farm (retiring Supt. MacDonald of C.I.D., that is) complete with shippons, bostings, gudgeons, steadings, becks, and ghylls; ancient corpse turns up; so does convict on lam from Dartmoor. All very rural and very pleasant.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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A Motto for Today

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The writer of the following guest editorial, one of America's most loved and gifted teachers and poets, was recently honored at a testimonial dinner in New York.*

THE challenge to education is so immense in my opinion that I do not know how to state it except in general terms. The terms I shall use will not be intended to suggest that a crisis is only now upon us. The crisis, if any, has been with us through a long yesterday, and we cannot expect to pass it through less than a long tomorrow.

The crisis appears in our nervous recognition that the age of science in which we say we live seems to be an age in which we do not know what we are doing, or why we are doing it, or whether we should. We have lost a sense of where the center is, and therefore where the boundaries are. We are feverishly active, toward we do not know what end. Our motto is more and more, not better and better.

And when I say "we," I mean all of us: the humanists no less than the scientists. We are all one people, though we are finding it hard to remember that. Too seldom, as one people, as one race, do we ask ourselves the tough question man has always been faced with: Who are we, what are we, and what should we desire? This question has never been answered altogether well.

Instead of one question we are asking ten thousand and boasting of the answers we give ourselves. At an ever-accelerating rate, we accumulate details, redoubling our effort because we have lost our aim. This may be more true among the humanists than it is among the scientists. I am not sure what a humanist is supposed to be, unless he is a scientist, too. But assuming that he isn't—that he has a specialty—I suspect that he has decided to bewilder the rest of us by the details he has accumulated. His criticism of literature, for one example, is impossible for most people to understand. It is characterized by a pedantry that despises simplicity and power. It seldom uses the word "poet" in any such way as to suggest that Shakespeare was one.

I am not competent to judge whether science today is making a similar mistake. I hope it is not. But if it is, the signs would be the same: an acceleration of knowledge that is less than knowledge after all, since its fruit is confusion rather than clarification, and fear instead of confidence. Are we controlling nature, or is nature controlling us?

If such in general is our disease, what then might be the cure? It could scarcely be a set of easy answers, for no such thing exists. Yet it could be, to begin with, a realization that the humanist and the scientist are not only ideally but actually one man, since both have the human mind. From this might follow that a genuine attempt was made by each of them to communicate with the other. This would involve a painful effort, whether in conversation or through the formal channels of a curriculum devised to promote good argument and exposition. My own impression is that the so-called humanist now makes the effort less frequently than the scientist does. His most pressing duty, I take it, is to try to understand his partner in the business of conceiving what man's proper study is. The gulf between the partners has produced illiteracy in both, but the mathematical illiteracy of the humanist is more serious in my view than the verbal illiteracy of the scientist. Mathematics is as fundamental in the human tradition as poetry is. Only one thing is more fundamental, and that is philosophy. But philosophy has ceased to be recognized, or even to recognize itself, as the queen of all the human sciences. It used to be defined as the love of wisdom, but I would settle for its definition as the love of knowledge—knowledge of what we are doing. The reinstatement of philosophy in the curriculums of colleges and universities might make both poetry and science better; and might remind us that if we continue to ignore our oneness as a people we shall cease in time to be people at all. The idea that knowledge has grown beyond the capacity of the human mind to comprehend it may be only an idea; indeed, it may be only a notion. As such it is offensive to philosophy. It is also offensive to common sense—the same thing, if we rightly define philosophy. Its right definition is everybody's duty; and the humanist, I think, is too little aware of this today. He strikes me as being less philosophical, less precise, less devoted to fundamental things, than the scientist is. He is less the liberal artist. He is less humane.

Neither science nor the humanities alone can save the world. Neither was intended to. But both, if they truly thought of themselves as one, might reveal more than is now revealed of the meaning that underlies the order and the disorder of the world. I may be wrong in assuming that science is chiefly interested in order, which is to say in law; but I think I am not wrong in claiming for poetry, by which I mean story, that at its best it studies how to come to terms with disorder: with the tragic and the comic errors men can make. Men distinguish themselves by failure as well as by success. Their glory, perhaps, is that they insist on knowing and on doing more than they can. But in any honest view of them they are finally fallible. The fallibility of man, when man himself sees it, can be a noble thing. Both the poet and the scientist would do well to look it straight in the face.

Man can afford to be deeply interested in his ignorance—an incurable defect, no matter how we brag of what we know. Those who know most are best aware of their limitations. To recognize these limitations and to honor and respect them is at last to make a kind of sense out of the world. —MARK VAN DOREN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JOYCE ON PHOTOGRAPHY

When I read your May 16th issue on "Photography" I recalled James Joyce who in his Paris notebook wrote: "Art is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an aesthetic end. . . . A photograph is a disposition of sensible matter and may be so disposed for an aesthetic end but it is not a human disposition of sensible matter. Therefore it is not a work of art." I am inclined to agree with him.

Joyce points out that Aristotle's celebrated phrase is usually interpreted as "Art is an imitation of nature." This is not what Aristotle is saying. He means that the artistic process is like the natural process. The photograph is merely a reflection of nature—or man—perhaps more accurate than a painting of Leonardo, but its creation does not necessitate two important qualities of art: originality and the expression of the artist through his work. A photographer can only do so much with his models.

Paul Elitzik.

New York, N.Y.

A BONANZA SPLIT

Anent your word division on the *SR* May 16th cover: Personally, I would see no need for your defense of this. Are you afraid of your purist readers? I notice it appears again with no apologies on page twelve where the book "Masters of Photography" is advertised. Why all the fuss?

Elizabeth Beebe.

Pasadena, Calif.

CITES SOURCE

In regard to your cover, I believe that it may be argued that your division into PHOTO-GRAPHY is correct both esthetically and grammatically. Mager's "The Office Encyclopedia" says that "when a word is composed of obvious root elements and the pronunciation preserves them, divide according to the derivation."

Kenneth H. Cornell.

Olean, N. Y.

TRADITION GOES BACK

Your article would lead one to believe that the entire problem of photography as a fine art has been in a complete vacuum all these years just waiting for your committee. This is not so.

Alfred Steiglitz established a tradition and discipline for the art of photography that goes back sixty years. I would think your issue would have been a memorial to him for his years of eloquent devotion to the cause. Though you mention Steiglitz in passing, others like Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, with their beautiful photographs, and Beaumont Newhall, with his writings and exhibitions, have carried the Steiglitz tradition forward. A small but devoted group have always known of the art of photography, and for fifty years have photographed, written, taught, exhibited where possible, and developed a heritage that has maintained photography as a fine art. They have received little assistance from *Life*, *Look*, *Vogue*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Holiday*, advertising agencies, and picture libraries. Your museum people are at least fifty years too late. Steiglitz and the Photo-Secession exhibited at the Albright Gallery in 1910! Newhall and Stiechen have been involved in photography exhibitions for at least twenty years.

One cannot help applauding your intention, but the major problem is still the identification and support of photography that is fine art, and the maintenance of standards that apply to all great art.

Jerome Liebling,
Associate Professor of Art,
University of Minnesota.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Now don't drink too much, Ponce. I don't know very much about the problems of teen-agers."

TAKE A GIANT STEP

I am writing this to let you know how much I enjoyed your photographic issue. The idea of recognizing photography as an art with a special issue will, I'm sure, be hailed as a giant step forward by photographers everywhere.

I wish to particularly commend your staff on the decision to break with syllabical amenities and use the word "photography" on the cover the way I've used it for, lo, these many years.

Henry W. Barker.

Glenbrook, Conn.

DANGER DISCLOSED

The section on photography in your recent issue discloses the dangers of a kind of art criticism that operates through the "filtration" of the greatest number of mere likes.

The idea of dramatically bestowing an "official" benison of "fine" upon photography for its climactic admission into the venerable museum is innocent enough, considering that "fine" is merely a term for honorific classification. But not so is the idea of committing art criticism in this field to the sanctification of the average.

This is an unsound trend. The "critical" method employed is, of course, the most adequate for selecting the typical (and the topical) but its basic principle is misleading: we are in no need at all of looking up to the average as a critical ideal, no matter if masterpieces are necessarily included in a selection thus achieved.

Furthermore, the rhetoric of emotion, life slices, communication, exact moment, happy occasion, etc., does not take us one inch into the esthetic structure of the photographic image as revelatory or not of a genuine creative process, a criterion which one would think is fundamental for a photographic criticism bent on the ideal of the greatest, not the average.

Armando Guzman.

Rochester, N. Y.

BEST STORIES

I enjoyed the knowledgeable and well-written article on little magazines by Rust Hills ("The Big Trend in Little Magazines," *SR* May 9). However, I would like to find fault with part of it: namely, the view that they only serve to introduce new writers and experimental writing.

Perhaps my opinion is biased, but it seems to me that any really serious student of literature must conclude that some of the very best short stories of our time appear in little magazines. The annual selection of "the best" would seem to bear this out . . . so I am not alone.

Jack Matthews.

Columbus, O.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Paddy the Next Best Thing

EVER since "Marty," the movie makers have been trying to rediscover the formula that transforms a modest story (and investment) into a box-office bonanza. They have made pictures without frills or fancy talk, pictures in plain lower-middle class settings, pictures written by Paddy Chayefsky, pictures starring Ernest Borgnine. But somehow the budgets keep mounting, and the returns never quite keep pace. Perhaps in an earlier era, before the present-day boom-or-bust psychology seized the studios, the small, intimate, serio-comic studies foreshadowed by "Marty" might have found a place among program pictures as a welcome change from bedroom farces and "B" Westerns. Today it takes an infinitude of courage, patience, and persistence to get them financed and produced. "It's another 'Marty,'" their makers say persuasively to their backers, and hopefully to their prospective customers.

Unfortunately, **"The Rabbit Trap"** is *not* another "Marty," although it displays the same concern for the individual, the same feeling for lower-middle-class *milieu*, and the same appreciation for the moment of crisis in a small soul that marks the best of Chayefsky. What it lacks is the edge of humor and robustness of characterization of "Marty;" and Philip Leacock's direction leans toward caricature in some of the minor roles, robbing the film of that extra degree of verisimilitude so essential to stories of this kind. On the other hand, the J. P. Miller script poses moral and ethical problems that are all too rare on the screen today—and comes up with sensible, healthy answers that are even rarer.

Ernest Borgnine plays Eddie Colt, an able draftsman in an architect's office, but hobbled by his own timidity. On vacation, he is summoned back to work, and in his haste, he leaves behind a rabbit trap that he and his son have set. The possible cruelty preys on him, especially since the boy interprets his father's indecision not merely as weakness but betrayal. His employer laughs at his distress, then offers him a raise; his wife and her practical family urge him to forget about the trap. For Eddie, however, the incident has raised an issue that he cannot ignore, a recognition of self that he cannot escape. It is drama on the small scale, warmly drawn, and, at least on the part of the principals, extremely well performed.

* * *

From Sweden, under the rather lurid title **"Of Love and Lust,"** comes a fascinating pair of vignettes drawn from August Strindberg's "Married Life" stories. In emphatic opposition to the emancipated woman (and later a confirmed Nietzschean), Strindberg displayed startlingly modern insights into the battle of the sexes, and used these in many of his books and plays to prove that the female of the species is, if not always deadly, at least dangerous in her selfishness, subtlety, and stupidity. "On Payment," the first of the two stories that comprise this double bill, is a savage study of a beautiful but frigid woman who permits her husband to use her body in return for pro-feminist legislation. While the husband, a weak-willed professor turned politician, sees all too clearly that his marriage is in fact a form of legalized prostitution, his desire makes him her slave. Helene, a foreshadowing of "Miss Julie," is played by Anita Bjork with the same cold intensity that made her performance in the earlier film so memorable.

"A Doll's House," the second half of the film, as its title suggests, derives from Ibsen's revolutionary play. In Strindberg's hands, however, it becomes a satire—and at times a terribly funny one. He postulates a happily married couple who fall under the Ibsen influence. The wife, charmingly played by Mai Zetterling, is persuaded to feel that she is but an unpaid servant, an exploited, underprivileged breeder of children. The marriage is all but wrecked before the husband manages to reawaken the feminine instincts of his little feminist. Anders Henrikson, who not only directed but plays the weak-willed husband in the first story, displays considerable feeling for period (and women), although an absence of transition shots makes his picture twitch along in an occasionally disconcerting manner.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mother Was a Monster

IN THE theatre, a profession beset with dangers, there is nothing quite so dangerous as a stage mother. There is no device she will not use short of murder (but only a millimeter or two) to promote the careers of her young. Edna Ferber wrote the epitaph of the tribe in the words "Mother Knows Best," the title of one of her most incisive short stories.

Now Arthur Laurents, with the aid of Jule Styne's music, Stephen Sondheim's lyrics, and the direction of Jerome Robbins, has fashioned the book of a new musical around a particularly lethal specimen of the genus. Mr. Laurents has also had first aid from ecdysiast, actress, and author, Gypsy Rose Lee, in her memoirs entitled, as is the musical, **"Gypsy."**

Mother Rose Hovick obviously left an indelible impression on her two daughters, Gypsy and actress June Havoc. Rose dominates the former's autobiography and looms large and far more sinister in Miss Havoc's recently published "Early Havoc." As played by Ethel Merman, Rose is a blend of charm, ruthlessness, warmth, and hardness. From her entrance down the aisle, screaming at a vaudevillian who is trying to oust Baby June from the act, up to her last exit, swathed in Gypsy's mink coat, Miss Merman is a revelation. In her previous shows, with "Annie Get Your Gun" excepted, she has played more or less the same part—the brassy, uninhibited and beguiling dame who can belt out a song to perfection. In "Gypsy" the belt is still there, but a coat of many colors has been added. There is variety here and a sureness in her delineation.

Rose's path toward stardom for Baby June is a thorny one. Baby Louise (later to become Gypsy) has been relegated to a small part both in the act and in her mother's affections. Everyone is secondary to June, including Herbie, a theatrical agent whom Rose loves but uses shamelessly. Despite her efforts to keep her daughters under twelve, Nature, with a lofty disregard for show biz, thwarts her and the girls reach their early teens. Their act, conceived by Rose, does not grow with them. It is augmented by a cow, a chorus of boys and then girls and the locale is changed periodically, but the act remains pathetically and hilariously the same. Then, as vaudeville dies and only Rose's ambitions are still alive, June elopes with a member of the troupe. The mother's hopes are shattered momentarily, while Louise's soar at the thought that maybe now Rose will quit show business, marry Herbie, and provide a home. Rose is made of sterner stuff. If there is to be no June, there is Louise. With indomitable fervor she devotes all her time to the latter and, ironically, achieves her goal, and loses Herbie, by forcing Louise to be a stripper. Even more ironically, once Louise is a success, she no longer needs her mother.

It is in these burlesque scenes that "Gypsy" is at its best. There is a number, in which three old strippers illustrate their individual gimmicks to the wide-eyed Louise, that is nothing short of wonderful. The dramatic scene that follows when Rose bullies her daughter into stripping and the subsequent montage wherein Gypsy Rose Lee becomes the Queen of Minsky's, are the high spots of a superior show that could do with some pruning in a long first act, but is otherwise almost consistently entertaining, touching, and uncompromisingly real.

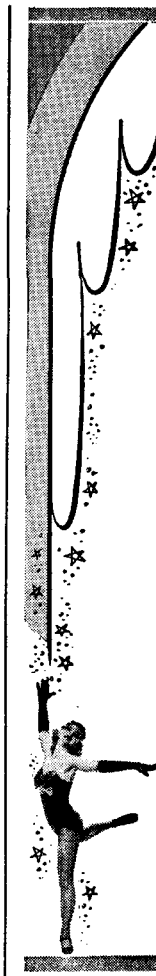
"Gypsy" is more a play with music than a musical play. As a result some of Mr. Styne's songs seem intrusive and, on first hearing, less distinguished than the book. Mr. Sondheim's literate lyrics, on the other hand, catch and heighten the flavor.

Housed in some of Jo Mielziner's most imaginative and effective sets and dressed in properly garish costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois, all the members of the cast, among them Lane Bradbury, Maria Karnilova, Paul Wallace and moppets Jacqueline Mayro and Karen Moore, are excellent. Sandra Church as Gypsy negotiates brilliantly the transition from the neglected waif to the self-assured burlesque queen and Jack Klugman is right and real as the agent who fights to transform Miss Merman from stage motherhood into marital domesticity.

It is a losing battle. No one can change the nature of a stage mother and when she happens to be Ethel Merman, who wants to?

—GEORGE OPPENHEIMER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Oppenheimer, drama critic for* Newsday, *is filling in for Henry Hewes, who is abroad for the summer.*



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TV AND RADIO

Opinions Handed Down

I KEEP hearing that people are getting tired of television. I also keep hearing that people (a different breed perhaps) have spent in fiscal 1958 more billions of dollars for new sets and repairs to old than all the sponsors together have spent for programs.

The getting-tired argument has a special feature. It has been my own principle that anyone who criticizes television, like anyone who criticizes advertising, removes himself from the people to whom television or advertising is addressed. I say this to my informants and they always answer, "it isn't only people like us . . ." and they tell me about the real-estate man or the plumber who happened to be at a party and *he* said he never listened or watched—or only for sports or weather. (In radio it is always "news and good music.")

Now a genuine turn against television would be a matter of concern not only to us philosopher-aestheticians, but to the managers of the economy as a whole. If it is happening, we ought to know about it, statistically. We ought to know why. We ought to know whether this is like the turn-away from the movies just before sound came in or the defection from the movies since television took over.

In particular, people who think a perceptible distaste for television is common and that the way to overcome it is by "better" programs should be warned. Any falling off for reasons of taste is bound to be trifling and the core-audience that remains is large enough to support the Westerns and the old movies and everything else the critic dislikes. The costs to sponsors, the payments to artists, the profits of networks and stations may all diminish slightly, but if television retains its power to sell certain products, the quality of programs may go down, rather than up, because of the desertion of a tiny fraction of bored citizens.

AS FOR the other citizens, an interesting debate between John Crosby of the *Herald Tribune* and Robert W. Sarnoff of NBC indicates that something more needs to be known. Mr. Crosby said he didn't think the audience for "The Price Is Right" was actively screeching for it or more of the same. He thinks people "accept" it and adds "with varying degrees of indifference."

To this Mr. Sarnoff replies that "watching television normally involves a conscious act of selection, and no program ever maintains a large audience through indifference." He notes that in some cities this program plays against reruns of "I Love Lucy" and that a million people a week send postcards to the show. "Is it indifference?" he asks—but the answer may be that it is worse—a low-grade greed.

Mr. Sarnoff is technically on good ground because any audience, at any time, *prefers* what it is looking at. But there's a bit of quicksand underneath: prefers to what? The giveaway and the comedy are different in manner, but they both appeal to the same level of intelligence and maturity, they both make the same demands of the audience, and with slight variations, both do the same thing for the audience.

I'm not sure that it is fair to bring social attitudes into this matter, but Mr. Sarnoff does. He challenges Mr. Crosby to "come forth and confess that when he criticizes broadcasters . . . he really means to criticize popular taste." In effect, Mr. Crosby has said that the taste of the people is not as benighted as the broadcasters, by their offerings, imply that it is. Each is accusing the other of being anti-democratic. Mr. Sarnoff holds than when people *choose* among the offerings Mr. Crosby despises, they are proving themselves, as they do in another field, "the most selective and most vocal political electorate in the world." Selective? Our two parties against twenty-seven in pre-de Gaulle France?

Both Mr. Sarnoff and Frank Stanton of CBS have spoken recently of their desire to learn more about the actual wants of people from the people themselves. I gather that the research project announced by CBS some years ago will be activated and that something new is being undertaken by NBC. It is easy for the outsider to give advice—I have myself a dozen schemes for involving the public in defence of the public interest. But I think it's only fair to give the broadcasters a chance.

ONE thing they might do is instruct their nonprofessional critics. A few weeks ago an eminent clergyman-journalist (whom I do not name because I've lost the clipping) told his readers that they had ample recourse if they were displeased with the intellectual fare offered by their stations. Write to the FCC, he said, and added that the FCC has laid down specific rules governing the content of broadcasting and set up percentages for educational and public service programs. The FCC has not and I'm not sure that it should be allowed to.

There are non-bureaucratic ways for people to make their wants felt and the only thing we have to worry about in regard to broadcasting is that it may satisfy a few interests of a lot of people so completely that we will stop wanting anything we aren't getting. That is the real danger.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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On the Record: Astaire Dances to Jazz at the Philharmonic"

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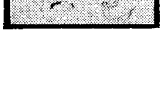

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Seeing America Second

WE arrived home from our jet tour of the world late one Friday afternoon deeply filled with a sense of accomplishment and a will to sleep. Accomplishing nothing, we slept until the next afternoon, then cruised over to the office to see what manner of mail had piled up in six weeks. Among the missives was a clipping from Mark Twain's "Following the Equator," written at the conclusion of a world tour in 1897. He wrote:

> Our trip around the earth ended at the Southampton pier, where we embarked thirteen months before. It seemed a fine and large thing to have accomplished—the circumnavigation of this great globe in that little time, and I was privately proud of it. For a moment. Then came one of those vanity-snubbing astronomical reports from the Observatory-people, whereby it appeared that another great body of light had flamed up in the remoteness of space which was traveling at a gait which would enable it to do all that I had done in *a minute and a half*. Human pride is not worth while; there is always something lying in wait to take the wind out of it.

Gathering bales of correspondence to read at home over the weekend, we returned to our car to find it tagged at 5:15 of a Saturday afternoon with a $15 parking ticket. After having dealt, without incident, with the civil authorities of Paris, Moscow, Tashkent, Samarkand, and Alma Ata; as well as those of Delhi, Banaras, and Madras; the *flics* of Singapore, Bangkok, Djakarta, Hong Kong and Tokyo, even the American flatfoots of Honolulu, San Francisco, and Los Angeles without incident, it took a New York cop, shooting ducks in a pond late one Saturday afternoon, on our first day home, to take the wind out of our human pride.

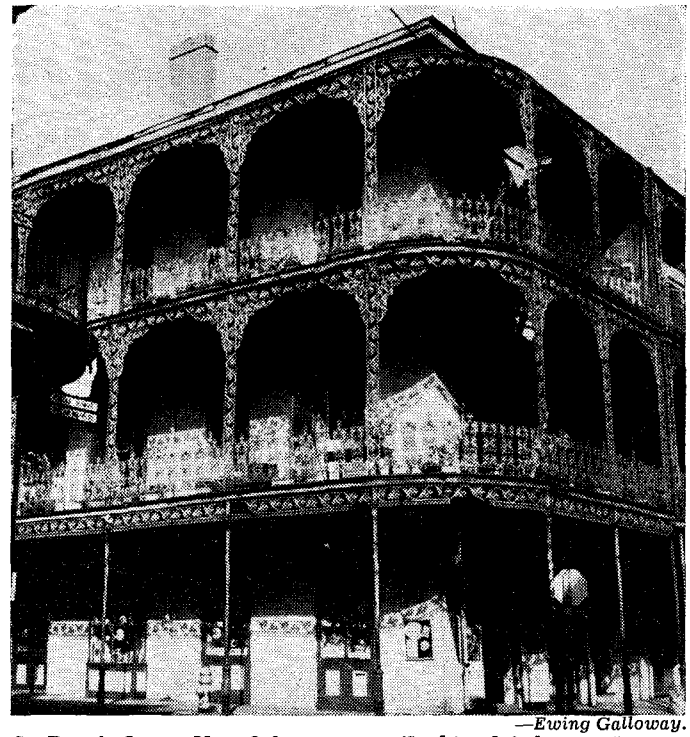
We have spent the ensuing weeks exploring the USA. For instance, we made our first trip to Dallas, where the parking costs only sixty-five cents all day. It is $2.50 a day where we live. The biggest thing for tourists in Dallas is the local handicraft store called Nieman-Marcus that sells such local produce as Texas Caviar, which is its name for pickled black-eyed peas. Nieman's also sells tours to Europe; $100 Stetson hats, Texas style; a working oil rig made of gold mounted on a music box that plays "The Yellow Rose of Texas;" a gold cut-out of Texas with a big diamond where Big D ought to be; a big gold D with the skyline of Big D in it all outlined in diamonds; a gold cowboy baying at a pearl moon; and gold Cadillac keys. They don't carry keys for other brands. Cadillac owners may also buy Cadillac cuff links with ruby tail lights. They're $15 cheaper than cuff links that are working replicas of oil wells, $100 the set.

At lunchtime one day, we sat in with hundreds of men at the dedication luncheon of the Southland Center and the Sheraton Dallas Hotel, two Texas-sized structures that have just opened in Big D. Mayor Thornton, whom we thought to be the folkiest thing since taffy pulls and samplers, was introduced as "Mr. Big D himself." He greeted some visiting Hawaiians, who had come to town to help open the Sheraton, a corporation that now also has four hotels formerly owned by the Matson people in Waikiki. "We've been comin' to see you folks for a long time," Mr. Big D said, "and we're happy you folks have come to see us." He said Sheraton was fortunate in havin' the fahnest hotel manager in the yewnahted states in the fahnest hotel in the yewnahted states, this was the largest lunch he had ever addressed and that it was a happy day in Dallas.

Governor Price Daniel, who had come from Austin for the occasion, asked that a real Texas welcome be extended to the Hawaiians. He said, "Even though we are not the largest state in the Union, we are still the largest state in the Union without a glacier. Our state *mot-toé* is friendship," said Governor Daniel, "and our name comes from a tribe of friendly Indians."

There followed a presentation by Fred F. Florence of a gold plaque to John W. Carpenter, who is known as "Mr. Texas Industry." Mr. T. Industry, said Mr. F. Florence, had served his state in innumerable worthwhile and leading causes for the good of its people. "He was the first chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Southwestern Legal Foundation at Southern Methodist University that has brought so much glory to Dallas, to Texas and its citizenship. He was one of the founders of the Texas Research Foundation which is doing so much for the people of Texas . . . He is a Texan, true to its finest traditions." Once Mr. Carpenter operated one of the largest dairy farms in North Texas, and "planted more than two and a half-million pine seedlings as his personal contribution to the Texas Forestry Association." The plaque (the word "gold" was scratched out and "beautiful" penciled in on the draft of the speech) was presented to Mr. Carpenter "on behalf of many grateful Texans in appreciation of his superlative contributions to fellow citizens and the great state of Texas." Mr. Carpenter is also an American citizen.

What Mr. T. Industry had wrought was, in fact, a forty-two-story tower called Southland Center, and adjoining it, and linked like Siamese twins, a twenty-nine-story Sheraton hotel. On top of the tower is an eight-pew



—*Ewing Galloway.*

St. Peter's Street, New Orleans . . . ruffle-shirted fathers and sons.

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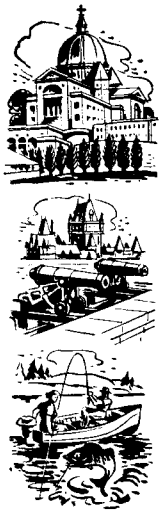

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Chapel in the Sky open around the clock, and a tower, one story higher than the heliport from which one could almost see the unmentionable town of Fort Worth thirty miles away. It is also thirty minutes away by superhighway and presumably, Cadillac. One could also see the Cotton Bowl on the Fair Grounds, home of the Texas State Fair, and the penthouse apartment inhabited by Greer Garson and her husband, hometown boy Buddy Folgelson.

Crossing over to the hotel again we found its barber shop equipped with a wooden coat rack carved by a prisoner in the Tower of London in the seventeenth century. While having one's hair trimmed in a seventy-five-year old barber chair, one could have a manicure administered by a nail buffer ensconced on a chair that long ago served an ice cream parlor.

The theme in the Town Room is embodied in its mural of a cattle stampede. Relaxing under this bucolic scene one can order a Buffalo Bill, which is local talk for a top sirloin, or a Wyatt Earp, the code word for filet mignon. Also noted: Judge Roy Bean Chopped Sirloin Steak, Pecos Son of a Gun Stew, and Big Foot Wallace Cut Roast Prime Beef.

We had scarcely gotten a leg up on the lingo when we were obliged to buzz off to New Orleans in search of a Dinah Shore dinner. We found it at Arnaud's, a magnificent place to dine in our view, where the menu offered oysters: raw on the half-shell, scalloped, *Américaine*, *brochette*, *Mornay*, *meunière*, *poulette*, *marinière*, Simpson, and Rockefeller. Shrimps are taken from the lake and done *à la Creole* with rice, small Buster crabs are served on top of a snapper, and the management lists eight ways of serving a pompano.

Later we browsed through some of the New Orlean patios, and our notes, written under the flickering candlelight, indicate that we were at 921 St. Louis, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ton, a bit of property part of which was once a French cottage with slave quarters and patio in the rear. Tenants have since replaced the slaves and they now pay $85 a month for a three-room apartment from which they can inhale the magnolia, the crepe myrtle, and the mimosa while bidding good morrow to the passing cardinals and mockingbirds.

At other addresses we found fathers and sons dressed up in ruffled shirts and black suits, love birds twitting among the banana fronds, swimming pools growing under the sparse shade of papaya trees, incense smouldering, sweet olive growing, and lots of talk about foundations that were laid as far back as 1795. Sitting in a patio with a displaced Wall Streeter now removed to the Vieux Carré of New Orleans, and resplendent on this night, anyway, in a red and blue and brass-button uniform of somebody's hussars, we were told about the Vieux Carré Property Owners and Associates, who will pry open their patios and show them to groups of a hundred or more any time of the year. In the spring, and once again in October, they were opened to any

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SLEUTHS ON THE SIDE

Several fictional detectives are such only by avocation. Elmer Gustafson of Tulsa, Oklahoma, offers a cluster of these (one of whom, by way of variety, is a real full-time Yarder) and asks you to assign them to their creators and to their basic callings or social statuses. Key Columns Two and Three on Column 1. Identifications made on page 38.

1. John Dickson Carr	( )	Reginald Fortune	( )	Book and document expert
2. Elizabeth Daly	( )	Reynold Frame	( )	Yankee aristocrat
3. Anthony Gilbert	( )	Albert Campion	( )	Chief Detective-Inspector, Scotland Yard
4. Margery Allingham	( )	Peter Duluth	( )	Lawyer
5. Ngaio Marsh	( )	Henry Gamadge	( )	Well-to-do widower
6. H. C. Bailey	( )	Philo Vance	( )	Theatrical producer
7. S. S. Van Dine	( )	Dr. Gideon Fell	( )	Free-lance photographer
8. Herbert Brean	( )	Evan Pinkerton	( )	Surgeon
9. David Frome	( )	Roderick Alleyn	( )	Author, lecturer, savant
10. Patrick Quentin	( )	Arthur Crook	( )	Scion of a noble family

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stroller with the price, and for $1.50, which is the spring price, no *voyeur* can come by a better vision of the lovely life.

Soon now the Vieux Carré is to have its own hotel, a 350-room extravaganza to be called The Royal Orleans. Have no fear, it will not rise as some antiseptic shaft. Indeed, there was some heated discussion whether to allow it to rise as high as the six-story level called for in the plans, but leafing back through history it was discovered that the old St. Louis Hotel that had occupied the very site, until it was demolished in 1919, was itself six stories high. It had been built in 1841 to replace the first occupant of the site which when only two years old had, perhaps following the New Orleans penchant for putting the torch to almost everything, gone up in smoke. The first version was called the City Exchange, and under the dome of its huge rotunda done in Roman revival style, it was the custom to meet and barter anything, slaves included. Since the auctioning took place during the noon hour the management is said to have conceived the notion of serving free lunch to anyone buying drinks at the bar.

As the St. Louis, which name it later adopted, the new hotel became the center of social life in New Orleans and during the winter of 1842 some 200 wealthy Orleanians forked up $100 a head to attend a masked ball and supper in honor of Henry Clay. Lotteries were held for volunteers in the early war years, and the hotel later became, as many do in wartime, a hospital for the wounded of both sides. It became the home, later, of the carpetbaggers' legislature that ruled Louisiana, and it figured in the riots of 1874 when Reconstruction rule was, for a short time anyway, overthrown.

After that the old hotel never made a recovery. Part of it collapsed in 1905. Galsworthy wrote of it in a piece called "The Old-Time Place," in which he told of finding a horse strolling in the old rotunda. It might not have been so far from actuality for by 1912 the rotunda was a mule stable. A hurricane hit it in 1915 and the end came soon after. The replacement, which has been rather a long time coming, will have such improvements as a swimming pool on the roof, sidewalk cafes, and a tunnel leading to an underground automobile entrance. The pool, public bathhouses, and rooftop restaurants will be on top of the garage. They were going to call the new place St. Louis, after the old, but it was thought that would create too much confusion with another settlement up the river.

—Horace Sutton.

Chess Corner—16

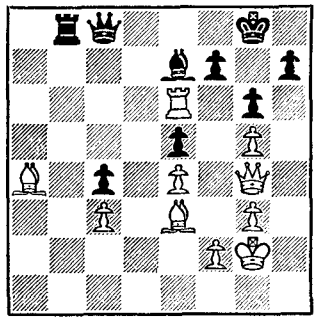
IN A strong field of fifteen at Mardel Plata, Argentina, United States champion Bobby Fischer accredited himself well by finishing in a tie for third and fourth place. This was his first try at international competition since he qualified at the Portoroz Interzonals. Grandmaster M. Najdorf, of Argentina, and L. Pachman, of Czechoslovakia, took premier honors with 10½ points, followed by Fischer and B. Ivkov of Yugoslavia with 10. The half point off the top largely can be charged to an early-round game between Fischer and Chilean master Letelier. By all the laws of the Medes and the Persians and chess, the game was an easy draw. An incredible and inexplicable *lapsus manus*, however, found the young Brooklynite advancing the wrong Pawn towards the queening square. After that, Fischer recovered his composure and won nearly all of the rest of his games in a row.

Below, in a game from the tournament, the youthful American champion is seen at his best.

RUY LOPEZ

	R. J. Fischer Black		R. Shocron White	
1	P-K4	P-K4	20 P-N5	N-B5
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	21 N-N4	BxN
3	B-N5	P-QR3	22 QxB	N-N3
4	B-R4	N-B3	23 P-KN3	P-B5
5	O-O	B-K2	24 K-N2	N-Q2
6	R-K1	P-QN4	25 R-R1	N-B1
7	B-N3	O-O	26 P-N4	Q-K3
8	P-B3	P-Q3	27 Q-K2	P-QR4
9	P-KR3	N-QR4	28 PxP	Q-R3
10	B-B2	P-B4	29 B-K3	QxP
11	P-Q4	Q-B2	30 P-R4	R-R1
12	QN-Q2	B-Q2	31 PxP	QxNP
13	N-B1	KR-K1	32 KR-QN1	Q-B3
14	N-K3	P-N3	33 R-N6	Q-B2
15	PxKP	PxP	34 R/6-R6	RxR
16	N-R2	QR-Q1	35 RxR	R-B1
17	Q-B3	B-K3	36 Q-N4	N-K3
18	N/2-N4	NxN	37 B-R4	R-N1
19	PxN	Q-B3	38 R-B6	Q-Q1
		39 RxN	Q-QB1	

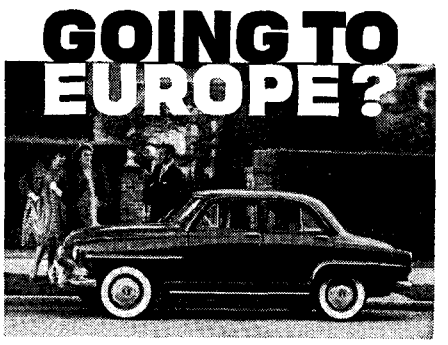
BLACK



WHITE

40 B-Q7! Resigns
For if 40...QxB 41 RxPch wins.

—Al Horowitz.



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Out of a Holocaust, National Hope

"The Seeds of Time: The Background of Southern Thinking," by Henry Savage, Jr. *(Holt. 312 pp. $4.50), scrutinizes the cleavages that have halved the nation. Former Representative from Arkansas Brooks Hays wrote "A Southern Moderate Speaks."*

By Brooks Hays

"THE North had sought to change the South through force of arms and had failed. It had then sought to change it by straight-jacketing it with Reconstruction and had failed again. It had succeeded only in ruining it and greatly delaying the changing process it had sought to force on the region. It remained for the South itself, through the slow processes of time, to change itself and gradually rejoin the changed nation it had been forced to leave." With these words, a distinguished Southerner, Henry Savage, Jr., spells out a major theme of his monumental work on the history of the political, economic, and social ideas of his beloved Southland.

In a book of remarkable clarity and conciseness, he traces the origins of the roots of Southern thinking all the way back to the beginning of human life in this region and shows how these roots have been crucial to the development of present thought patterns and actions. With the Civil War as his fulcrum, he maintains that the South cannot be forced in any direction but must work out its own destiny by taking advantage of its great human and natural resources to adjust to changing world conditions.

Much of what Mr. Savage records in his history is familiar to any serious student of the South, but the great value of his work lies in the delineation of the common threads of belief and attitude which have extended from the War of Independence to the Little Rock crisis. We gain here a real insight into what caused the cleavages that arose between the North and the South from the days of Southern intellectual leadership of the nation to the days of bitter ideological enmity between the regions.

With great sensitivity and sympathy for the cause of the South, Mr. Savage spells out the sources of the economic and social changes, and highlights the role of such factors as geography, land features, temperature, ethnic origins, and the unique conditions of slave labor. While he does not spare the South from criticism for its lack of moral indignation over the status of the Negro, he tends to condone in order Southern attitudes by blaming the halt in the movement toward the voluntary abolition of slavery on fierce and abusive attacks from the North.

Is it enough to say, as the author does, that "in 1850, in a South driven to the defensive by immoderate criticisms leveled at it from the North and abroad, [the] atmosphere of freedom of thought and expression was gone"? It is here that we find the crux of the problem that has plagued the nation since the first slave landed on our shores. The North and the South have consistently failed to recognize that each has a right to criticize the other, but that this criticism must be based on understanding and brotherhood and a respect for legal processes.

Mr. Savage gives many causes for the failure of the South to achieve, prior to the Civil War, an orderly society and the rule of law: such as a tradition of "frontier justice," a record of violence related to heat and ethnological considerations, the isolation of country living reducing one's awareness of the law's restraints, the role of the Negro as the "internal enemy," and the lack of educational opportunities. With the fantastic exploitation of the region that took place during the Reconstruction, which is brilliantly portrayed in this book, it is no wonder that the South's hatred for the North and for the Negro was perpetuated long after the last battle was fought.

TWO developments came out of this holocaust that have made a lasting impact on the South and are the best hope for achieving national unity. These are the growth of industrialization and the spread of the public-school system. Mr. Savage shows how the Southerners revealed "mechanical and inventive abilities that would outsmart the touted mechanical genius of the Yankee." With the coming of industry and the change to urban living, the South's days of economic bondage were numbered, since it was soon to cease selling its substance in the massive production of raw materials. So also the movement of people from the countryside to the cities meant a more educated and enlightened citizenry with economic and social ties around the world. The Southernism that Mr. Savage equates with a high degree of ruralism and agriculture, a high percentage of Negroes, much poverty and ignorance, and a hot climate, is dying (with the

The Toast

By William Siden

I RAISE the cup on this occasion
In tribute to our organization:

President A, our top official,
Has endless papers to initial
(Once Mr. B, Exec. V. P.,
Has brought them in for him to see
((Once Mr. C, the junior veep,
Has stacked them neatly in a heap
(((Once D, the brisk department head,
Has guaranteed them all proofread
((((Once E, for whom work holds no terrors,
Has checked them thoroughly for errors
(((((Once "what's-her-name," on second floor
Has typed up copies by the score
((((((Which she transcribes from pencilled rough
By the nameless clerk who writes the stuff
(((((((me))))))))))))))))))))))))))))

In tribute now I raise the cup
And give the toast:

Bottoms up!

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help of air-conditioning) but, as Mr. Savage emphasizes, it is dying at the hands of Southerners.

IN A most rewarding and challenging concluding chapter, the author calls on his fellow Southerners to abandon their prejudices and herald what promises to be a magnificent changed South, of limitless promise. To a moderate Southerner like myself it was a happy experience to read such a realistic appraisal of the South's road to greatness. Mr. Savage denounces demagoguery coming from either the North or the South and spells out in no uncertain terms what responsible Southerners must do to relieve the impasse. As he puts it:

> Until a sufficient number of devoted Southerners are willing to assume the risks involved in disabusing those who have been subjected to the doctrine of perpetual defiance to overwhelming forces and influences, no real beginning can be made toward a tolerable solution to the South's problems . . . If Southerners can accept these truths and further accept the fact that . . . the dogmas of a stagnant past are inadequate to a dynamic present, then, in one way or another, acceptable solutions to the South's formidable problems will be forthcoming.

Bulwarks Behind the Little Rocks

"The Southern Temper," by William S. Peters *(Doubleday. 283 pp. $3.95), voices the middleman who is not willing to subordinate law and human dignity to basic bias. Since 1957 Mark Ethridge, Jr., has been editor and publisher of The* Ravensbrueck *(W. Va.)* News.

By Mark Ethridge, Jr.

NEARLY two years ago John Bartlow Martin wrote a study of the diehard segregationists in the Deep South, whose title, "The Deep South Says 'Never'," expressed his conclusion. It was a position with which many Southerners, including this reviewer, disagreed, because "never" is a long, long time.

Now has come William S. Peters, another Northerner, to take issue by documentation with Martin's thesis. In "The Southern Temper" Peters has succeeded in giving voice to the middleman in the South, the reasoning man, who, whatever his inborn fears and prejudices, is not willing to put them before law and human dignity.

As Martin's was a book of despair, this is a book of hope. As Martin's was a book about the strident-voiced White Citizens Councilors, this is a book about the quiet people of the South who, by their passive resistance and living Christianity, do not make headlines but occasionally have headlines thrust upon them. It is neither bitter, as was Carl Rowan's "South of Freedom," nor tormented, as was Robert Penn Warren's "Segregation." It is, rather, a clear exposition of the Southern mind that knows that racial segregation will and must eventually disappear. Its heroes are people who have been forced to leadership, either by the urging of friends or the unremitting voice of conscience. The villains are the Southern politician who, without the race issue, "might have to become nationally cognizant and intelligent, and . . . might starve before he could do so," and those others who do not "care enough about democracy to try to make it work."

Among the heroes are women, primarily churchwomen, who have forced their husbands to listen and their ministers to be counted. There are preachers who have taken their stand, and been driven from their pulpits or been subjected to the tantrums of the troubled. There are the white and Negro students, both in high school and college, who have not been taught well enough to hate. There are, too, the organizations, primarily the NAACP, through whose leadership, as Harry Golden points out in his foreword to the book, the Negro "has yet to make a single serious mistake. He has practised Christianity at its ultimate. He has turned the other cheek, but he has remained brave and steadfast and not compromised his goal."

There are the simple facts of industrialization, an inevitable change in the Southern way of life that cannot thrive side by side with racial tension, and the armed forces, now completely integrated, teaching Southern whites and Negroes to live not only peaceably but cordially together.

These are all hopeful signs, all indications that the Southern temper is changing, that desegregation at least can be accomplished. But that is not the end of Peters's story. His is a story in which desegregation is only the first step. And here, it would seem, is where his splendid documentation is weakened by his having confused to some degree cold analysis with warm hope. After desegregation is established as a new status quo, he believes, the South will move toward integration, the breakdown of discrimination in all fields, and, eventually, the end of prejudice.

But this would seem to be asking a little too much. It may happen, but it can't be seen from our present level. For the absence of prejudice, unlike discrimination, is not a matter of law but of self-education. Prejudice is a state of mind in which a person who knows better still finds himself frequently unable to feel better. The spirit of equality is negative (the absence of feeling) rather than positive. The absence of prejudice cannot be taught. It must be absorbed. It will exist, as one Southern newspaperman put it, "when I can call a Negro an s.o.b. without even thinking of him as a black s.o.b."

And that, unfortunately, is a state of mental well-being which few Americans have been able to achieve in thinking about another slightly different American, no matter whether that difference is race, religion, or national origin.

It is good to hope for, to work toward, but rash to predict.

STUDIED PERSECUTIONS: At the core of some of the worst military disasters suffered by the Confederacy lay a venomous feud between President Jefferson Davis and General Joseph E. Johnston, that enigmatic little strategist who was esteemed by his friends as a greater commander than Robert E. Lee and regarded by his enemies as an insubordinate marplot. Modern students of the Civil War who would attempt to strike a balance between these extremes have many printed sources to examine, but perhaps none more important than Johnston's own **"Narrative of Military Operations,"** first published in 1874 and now available in a new edition prepared by Frank E. Vandiver (Indiana University Press, $7.50).

Johnston's twofold purpose in writing the book was to vindicate his course of action throughout the war and to indict his enemy for what he regarded as the studied persecutions

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that Davis had visited upon him. His argument is legalistic, lacking in important details of battles and campaigns, and marred by flashes of bitterness. But between the lines the author paints his self-portrait, and because his personal affairs formed an integral part of the failure of a nation what he wrote has enduring significance. Professor Vandiver has provided a forthright and informative introduction. —HAL BRIDGES.

REBEL AT HEADQUARTERS: Lieutenant Colonel Alexander ("Sandie") Swift Pendleton, the twenty-two-year-old chief of staff of Stonewall Jackson's famed Second Corps in the Army of Northern Virginia, became a Southern legend after his death in 1864 as the result of a wound received in the battle of Fisher's Hill. The legend is deftly restored to life in **"Stonewall's Man Sandie Pendleton,"** by W. G. Bean (University of North Carolina Press, $5). In his perceptive biography of this talented and widely admired young Confederate officer, Professor Bean takes the reader behind the scenes in the headquarters of Jackson, R. S. Ewell, and Jubal A. Early, the three generals under whom Pendleton served. He also tells in intimate detail, drawn from family letters, the romantic and tragic story of Kate Corbin, whose war-delayed marriage to Sandie Pendleton took place less than nine months before he died.

—H. B.

Red and White Television

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

I HAVE sat with the Indians
Watching Indians die
A hundred years ago, on television,
As round and round a host of braves
Went down before a dozen
Creeking muzzle-loaders.

In the middle of a pueblo,
Before the tribe's one television,
Have felt shame in our dishonest victories
That, now, to make the white man brave,
Must make the Indian a fool.

And later, in the plaza,
I have heard the boys disdain the hero's part
And put a stone up in his place
And kill him, and his party,
In a dozen different strategys;
The girl, the impossible dust-proof
Heroine, ignored completely.

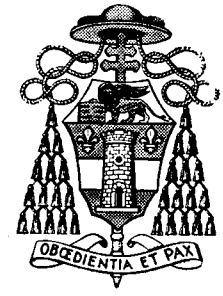
ROME

The New Pope in Perspective

Ever since the smoke drifted over the Vatican conclave the world has been speculating about the amiable peasant who last October became pope. Four biographies about him have already been published: ***"John XXIII Comes to the Vatican," by Francis X. Murphy, C.S.S.R.*** *(McBride. 237 pp. $3.95),* ***"Pope John XXIII: His Life and Character," by Paul C. Perrotta, O.P.*** *(Nelson. 270 pp. $3.50),* ***"We Have a Pope," by Monsignor Albert Giovanetti;*** *translated by John Chapin (Newman. 192 pp. $2.75), and* ***"Pope John XXIII: A Life of the New Pope," by Andrea Lazzarini;*** *translated by Michael Hatwell (Herder & Herder. 145 pp. $3.25). The substance of these studies is examined for us by Riley Hughes, author of "The Hills Were Liars," a novel set in the twenty-first century.*

By RILEY HUGHES

THE CLIMAX of the October days when all microphones and cameras led to Rome came as the election of Angelo Joseph Roncalli was announced from St. Peter's balcony. That the new pope would be called John, a name unused since the papacy's exile in Avignon, was an added piquant touch to the quickly gathering data about the surprisingly little-known prelate who for five years had been Cardinal Patriarch of Venice. Before that had been the long, self-effacing years as papal diplomat in Sophia, Istanbul, and Paris, where to "see everything, pretend to miss much, and attempt to change little" had been Archbishop Roncalli's concept of his mission. "Here I am, at the end of the road and on top of the heap," the new pontiff is reported to have said.



As the photographic record unfolded, one became aware of a striking new personality on the world stage in the figure of a short, stocky man, genial and fatherly, occasionally caught by the camera hawking into a handkerchief or rubbing his nose in the center of Renaissance pageantry. Such a figure could not long elude the press or escape the biographer's net. The first four biographies to come out in English suffer necessarily from journalistic haste, but they do provide, from a meager personal legend, a depth in perspective and portraiture hitherto lacking.

The biographers, in the order listed above, are an American Redemptorist priest now stationed in Rome, an American Dominican priest who has lived in Rome, an Italian Monsignor who serves in the Vatican Secretariat of State, and a layman who is literary editor of *L'Osservatore Romano.* If Father Murphy's book, a May choice of the Catholic Book Club, is perhaps the most readable and best organized of the four, Father Perrotta's is easily the most encyclopedic, what with its complete listing of all previous popes and a chapter of thumbnail sketches of each of the popes to bear the name of John. The two Italian biographies are especially valuable for what they have to say of the civic and religious complex in Italy during Pope John's boyhood and early years as priest. All four books are generously illustrated.

These biographers agree that the special character of Bergamo, the Lombard diocese and province in which Pope John was born, had much to do with his formation. Father Perrotta alone, by the way, describes Angelo Roncalli as a descendant of the Roncallis who in earlier centuries bore the title of count; the others stress the undoubted fact that for centuries his ancestors were, as we would say, sharecroppers; his father was the first member of the family to become an independent farmer. More zealous than brilliant in the seminary, Angelo Roncalli was fortunate in coming to his studies at a time of Catholic revival in northern Italy. "If he had been prepared in a seminary other than that of his diocese," Mr. Lazzarini says, "he would have emerged as a priest of quite different character, just as would have been the case had his invitation taken place ten or fif-

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From Sharecroppers to the Holy See

Pope John XXIII shown above today; upper right, his three brothers and sister who attended his Coronation; lower right, as Cardinal Roncalli he is seen greeting then President of France and "unbeliever" Vincent Auriol.

—From "John XXIII" (McGraw Hill).

teen years earlier." For in Bergamo the Catholic "reconquest" of Italy was going on, just as it would, when Archbishop Roncalli was Nuncio, in the France after World War II.

As Don Angelo's career develops, first as secretary to his bishop, then as an important figure in Catholic Action, the precise character of his preparation for the papacy becomes clear. Even more than his immediate predecessor in the Vatican, he became personally involved in the ambiguities, historical and contemporary, facing papal diplomacy in our time. In the Bulgaria of King Boris, in the Greece of King George, and in the Turkey of Kemal Atatürk, he found himself in charge of small Catholic groups which were historic islands in vast Orthodox or Islamic seas. In these countries, as a "traveler of God," in the midst of suspicion and governmental restriction over his movements, he was able to say, "I stand for that which unifies and seek to keep far off whatever divides." In the Paris of de Gaulle's first premiership he played an important part in healing the wounds of war. When he received his cardinal's red hat, it was, at his request, not from Pius XII, but from the hands of France's President Auriol, an unbeliever. And to UNESCO, to which he was the first permanent papal appointee, he presented himself as the "representative of the most ancient and vast cultural organization in the world."

In Venice, where as Patriarch he visited the film and music festivals and encouraged opera and the other arts, Cardinal Roncalli was known as "the Optimistic Patriarch." Will John XXIII be known as well as the "Optimistic Pope"? His calling an Ecumenical Council, which he frankly suggests he may not live to see complete its work, may appear to the non-Catholic world, and to many Catholics too, to be an instance of overoptimism. Yet signs of what is, perhaps prematurely, being called "the Great Return" are not wanting, and among them may be, as Father Perrotta notes, Pope John's first world-wide address, an appeal for the return of Orthodox and Protestant Christians to the house "illumined by the doctrinal sign of their ancestors and made precious by their virtue." In a time of far-reaching changes and of dynamic spiritual response to the materialist challenge, it is too early to foretell the final impact of the peasant become pope who in the context of a bitter dispute in Venice declared; "I do not want to force solutions. I only want whoever thinks differently than I do to have the possibility of convincing himself of the good intention behind my proposition."

The People's Saint

***"My God and My All," by Elizabeth Goudge** (Putnam's. 320 pp. $4.95), vividly delineates the character and works of Francis of Assisi, the patron saint of novelist Frances Parkinson Keyes. Among Mrs. Keyes's contributions to hagiography are "Bernadette of Lourdes," "Grace of Guadalupe," and "Mother Cabrini: Missionary to the World," a juvenile which will be published next September.*

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

> In this life we cannot know how much we owe to saints we have never heard of, or to saints who live with us unrecognized, but there are a few saints whose light sends such a beam through the darkness of this world that the darkness not only cannot extinguish it but is forced to recognize it and cannot forget it. Francis of Assisi is one of these.

THIS statement is made in the opening paragraph of the new book, entitled "My God and My All," by Elizabeth Goudge—a writer whom most of us are inclined, I think, to regard primarily as a novelist and more especially as the author of "Green Dolphin Street." Every devotee of St. Francis should give thanks that she has now enlarged her field, which already included poetry and juveniles as well as adult fiction, to embrace hagiography. For this tender, wise, and moving biography of a saint, revered and beloved not only by all Christians, Protestants as well as Catholics, but by many non-Christians as well, makes this special "beam in the darkness" brighter and more far reaching than any chronicle with which I am familiar.

It so happens that Francis of Assisi is my own patron saint, that I have visited Assisi several times already, and that a prolonged sojourn there is on my present agenda. Therefore, over a period of years, I have read everything about the man and the place on which I could lay my hands and I thought I was acquainted with many, if not most, of the outstanding facts of Francis Bernadone's life and with the locality that was essentially his. But if I knew before that his mother was from Provence, that he owed his name—originally Giovanni—to his father's love of her country, and that French was, throughout his

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life, his favorite language, the significance of all this had hitherto escaped me.

I knew he was responsible for the first crèche, but I never before fully visualized the touching circumstances of its presentation in the Valley of Rieti; and I did not know that he was responsible for the first foundling hospital and that he instituted the Angelus. I did not know that the noble Roman matron Giacoma di Settessoli had a recognized part in his living and dying, second only to that of Clare Scefi, and that this was important and precious to him, though he generally shunned women. I did not know, either, that he was occasionally harsh and choleric—a fact which adds force to his habitual gentleness—or that he could dramatize his deeds and sermons, as ably as an accomplished professional actor, if he felt this would make them more effective; and though I did know that he went to the Holy Land, I never before pictured him as an inveterate traveler. I did not know that a falcon was among the many birds he cherished, and that she was for him a shelter from the snow, because of her wide wings, and not a means of swooping on helpless creatures which were her natural prey. All this, as I have said, I may well have heard or read before; but never has any of it been presented to me in such a way as to throw such significance and radiance on the "beam" that it becomes a blazing light.

Not only do the character and actions of Francis himself take on new vividness and beauty in this book; the same is true of his family and his followers, especially the first twelve Brothers Minor, whose number is certainly symbolical. The original organization of the Franciscan Order and its underlying meaning are described in a way which few readers will be able to forget or to ignore without twinges of conscience:

> Francis wrote out a rule suited to the humblest and poorest of the humble and poor. It was a charter of men who pledged themselves to obey to the letter the hard commandments of Christ that most Christians busy themselves in explaining away.

Moreover, Christians who are not "cradle Catholics" and who feel that their reception into the Church has taken nothing from the faith they already had, but has enlarged and beatified its scope, will be grateful to Elizabeth Goudge for her statement: "Conversion is rather an ugly word for the stretching out of God's hand to take a soul to Himself, a process so exquisite and tender that to try and describe it can seem like a desecration."

But gratitude for this and many other passages will not be confined to so-called converts; it will be shared by everyone to whom the life and work of St. Francis, however imperfectly understood and followed, has been an inspiration, a challenge, and a "beam in the darkness."

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The Jewel

By James Dickey

FORGETTING I am alive, the tent comes over me
Like grass, and dangling its light on a thread,
Turning the coffee-urn green
Where the boys upon camp-stools are sitting,
Alone, in late night.

I see my coffee curving in a cup,
A blind, steeled, brimming smile
I hold up alive in my hand.
I smile back a smile I was issued,
Alone, in late night.

A man doubled strangely in time,
I am waiting to walk with a flashlight
Beam, as a third, weak, drifting leg
To the aircraft standing in darkness,
Alone, in late night.

Who packs himself into a cockpit
Suspended on clod-hopping wheels,
With the moon held still in the tail-booms,
Has taken his own vow of silence,
Alone, in late night.

Across from him someone snaps on
The faceted lights of a cabin.
There, like the meaning of war, he sees
A strong, poor diamond of light,
Alone, in late night.

And inside it, a man leaning forward
In a helmet, a mask of rubber,
In the balance of a great, stressed jewel
Going through his amazing procedure,
Alone, in late night.

Truly, do I live? Or shall I die, at last,
Of waiting? Why should the fear grow loud
With the years, of being the first to give in
To the matched, priceless glow of the engines,
Alone, in late night?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 8, 4, 10, 2, 7, 1, 9, 5, 3. Column Three should read: 2, 7, 5, 3, 9, 10, 8, 6, 1, 4.

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Affluent Society

Continued from page 15

bate on *how* they are to be achieved is likely to last much longer.

Herewith, in terms of percentage agreements and disagreements from Economists and Businessmen-Trustees, are the responses to Professor Galbraith's views on that major topic:

1. In an affluent society, such as we now enjoy in the U.S., our preoccupation with the continuing high level production of material goods has become excessive.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	44%	38%
Tend to disagree	54	60
Undecided	2	2

2. The real reason for this country's continuing preoccupation with high production is not so much that we need all of the products themselves but more that we fear the unemployment which reduced production would bring.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	31%	22%
Tend to disagree	60	69
Undecided	9	9

3. With our present mastery of production, a supply of goods wholly adequate to consumer needs can now be produced in the United States at employment levels considerably below "full employment."

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	47%	51%
Tend to disagree	47	31
Undecided	6	18

4. The present volume of production is maintained only by a "synthesis of desire" whereby consumers are led to consume a volume and variety of privately produced goods which is excessive.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	39%	31%
Tend to disagree	52	58
Undecided	9	11

5. Inflation, actual or threatened, is a constant and unavoidable concomitant of our preoccupation with high production and maintaining strong consumer demand.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	43%	36%
Tend to disagree	47	60
Undecided	10	4

6. Our preoccupation with high production also promotes a continuing social imbalance in American life whereby the private production of goods (automobiles, cosmetics, appliances, etc.) is kept at too high a level at the expense of the public production of services (adequate schools, parks, sanitation, public safety, etc.)

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	52%	13%
Tend to disagree	41	78
Undecided	7	9

(This statement is the central thesis in the Galbraith work. It produces a heavy opinion split between the responding groups. A majority of Economists agrees that the imbalance exists, although there is a tendency to ascribe it to "this country's sense of values." A heavy majority of Businessmen-Trustees sees no "social imbalance;" they also oppose any action which would enlarge the sphere of governmental influence.)

7. A much more liberal form of unemployment compensation should be introduced which would provide the worker with a reasonably satisfactory substitute for total dependence on employment in the domain of private production.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	34%	2%
Tend to disagree	55	82
Undecided	11	16

8. Unemployment benefits should be high in times of high unemployment, and low when jobs are plentiful. For example, at unemployment level of 4,000,000, the unemployed worker might receive a maximum of four-fifths of his last earned wage. But at "full employment" (unemployment of 2,000,000 or less), the unemployed worker might receive roughly half of his last wage.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	43%	22%
Tend to disagree	39	60
Undecided	18	18

9. A greatly expanded use of the sales tax by cities and states should supplement the present Federal income tax, for the avowed purpose of making private goods more expensive and public services more abundant.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	39%	33%
Tend to disagree	42	56
Undecided	19	11

10. It is the obligation of an affluent society to prevent the self-perpetuation of poverty by spending considerably more money than at present on schools and social services, to assure that no child will be deprived of physical health or full educational opportunity because of the poverty of his parents.

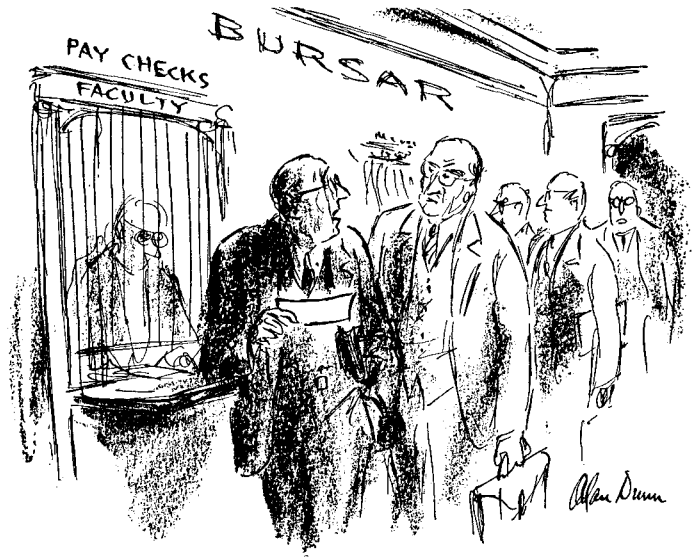
	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	79%	53%
Tend to disagree	14	31
Undecided	7	16

11. In an affluent society, work that has the connotations of pain, fatigue, boredom or other discomforts can and should be reduced to a minimum. The rapid expansion of a "New Class," to which work offers substantial personal and social rewards in addition to money income, should be a central goal of our society.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	63%	47%
Tend to disagree	16	38
Undecided	21	15

12. America's basic deficiency in facing the future is the inadequate cultivation and education of its human resources. We must therefore place less emphasis on material production and more on developing the applied intelligence and creativeness of our people.

	Economists	*Trustees*
Tend to agree	68%	53%
Tend to disagree	19	33
Undecided	13	14



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WANT UNUSUAL AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE living in an architectural masterpiece? Lease July 1959 to August 1960, ranch house, 3,500 square feet. Redwood, brick, glass inside and out. 7 acres landscaped. Japanese bath. 25 miles Northwest Chicago loop. $300 month. Langsdorf, Box 228, R.R. 1, Meacham Road, Roselle, Illinois.

DRAMATIC CLIFFSIDE VILLA, woods overlooking Pacific; secluded, private beach, 4 fireplaces, richly furnished, 60' living room. California, half hour Mexico. Year lease. $300 month. Box H-977.

CARIBBEAN—Furnished house, plantation buildings and equipment, 800 acres. Monthly $600. Box H-982.

HOUSES WANTED

For Summer Rental

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. House with piano for four adults—August 16-September 12. Box H-945.

HOUSES WANTED

To Rent—Furnished

FURNISHED APARTMENT or house, upper Westchester or Fairfield counties. Any two months July through October. 3 but prefer 4 bedrooms. Airmail J. C. Hussey, Apartado Aereo 2074, Cali, Colombia, South America.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

PSYCHIATRIST'S 9-room furnished apartment. August 1st to September 7th—mid Manhattan. $500. Box H-961.

MONTH OF AUGUST plus last 2 weeks July, 3½ rooms, air-conditioned New York apartment, East side, near river. Large flowered terrace. Also use of convertible Ford garaged in building. Box J-11.

4½ ROOMS, EAST 70s, NYC. July 3-September 10; $300 total. UNiversity 1-8873, Box H-979.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR SALE: Established book store in rapidly growing southwestern city. Box H-973.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

HALF ACRE COOL WOODS adjacent Deep South college with unfinished house suitable apartment. $6,800. Owner, 1108 North Oak, Hammond, Louisiana.

VACATIONS

RIVERSIDE HOTEL AND MOTEL, Ogunquit 4, Maine. A delightful New England Inn overlooking the ocean at picturesque Perkins Cove. Beautiful surroundings. Good Down East food. Maine's finest beach nearby. American plan $52 week up. Special rates to July 6. Folder.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

(Continued on page 42)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 41)

LEWIS & MARY FISHER request the pleasure of your inquiry regarding their charming guest house in the Litchfield Hills. R.S.V.P., Bantam, Connecticut.

VACATION THIS YEAR in the secluded peaceful *atmosphere of Gardenside Lodge of Bonnie Oaks*, on beautiful Lake Morey. Open June 19-October 13. COMPLETE VACATION PACKAGE: 7 days—7 nights. Landside, $77; lakeside, $91 per person, double occupancy. Includes comfortable room with private bath, 3 bounteous Vermont meals daily, and tips. Free entertainment. Swimming, square and round dancing, mountain cookouts, bridge, bingo, outdoor buffets, tennis, scheduled hikes, tournaments, movies, shuffleboard, putting green, talent shows. Good library. Write for more package information. GARDENSIDE LODGE, Fairlee 4, Vermont.

REMOTE from the coil and pattern of contemporary living, an island in Time, ten miles at sea. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Booklet D?

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Conn. Open all year.

SPRING, SUMMER *on farms and hotels. Welcoming* children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

UNIQUE COTTAGE and cabin colony in deep woods on a sparkling lake near Tanglewood. No highways, no towns, just pure relaxation, fine food, Hi-Fi music, sports, ideal hiking or unsurpassable loafing: lounging Patio, sunbathing floats, Lakeview Terrace, Game Room, Card Room, 1,000 volume library. Our 35th Season! Open June 12th. Probably the place you have been looking for: no dressing up, no juke box, no swank, but plenty of unhurried fun. CHANTERWOOD, Box 61, Lee, Mass. Brochure T.

CRESTMONT INN. Fun for the whole family in the scenic Alleghenies. Modern hotel rooms, cottages. Superb food. Golf, tennis, riding, water sports, shuffleboard. Golf, tennis pros. Directors for tots, teens. Opens June 19. Folder. W. T. Dickerson, Eagles Mere, Pennsylavnia.

WATERVILLE INN—A complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by the White *Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a* resort unchanged in its essential character. A comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Folder. Advance reservations. Waterville Valley, Compton P.O., New Hampshire.

BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals. June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all the usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, Atlantic City 4-8111.

RELAX—Delightfully un-commercialized lake, mountain region. Weld Inn, Weld, Maine.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacation for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1959 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

BAY STREET STUDIO, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. "The Inn For Artists." Tenth Season. Weekly, July 1-Labor Day. Fine food, individual lodging, studios. Prospectus.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, Vermont. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' amidst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

SMALL, QUIETLY COMFORTABLE "CAMP"—fast rewarding fishing — many pleasant activities — or none—Real Food. Booklet. Russell's, Brockton, Maine.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, *THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find* relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, lovely sea view, shore drives. Drive to summer theatres. Rates from $10 with meals. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

BRAEBROOKE. Resort for lovers of music . . . art . . . Chamber music for amateur, professional . . . Swimming pool . . . tennis . . . golf . . . American Plan . . . Moderate rates. Lenox, Massachusetts, LEnox 960.

SNOWVILLAGE LODGE, Snowville, New Hampshire. Telephone Hickory 7-2818, Conway. The charming Swiss resort 1,100' high in the White Mountains. All sports. Excellent continental cuisine. Every room has private bath. AAA approved.

INTERLAKEN INN. Why go so far when the good is so near? Complete sports facilities. Excellent cuisine with friendly atmosphere. Cocktails, summer theatres. Box 422, Lakeville, Connecticut.

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Walter D. Abbott, owner-manager.

FIERBACHER HOUSEBOAT rentals, Guntersville, Alabama. Write or phone JUstice 2-5179. Beautiful TVA waterways.

PEACE PIPE LODGE, on 9-mile Cobbosseecontee Lake in Central Maine. 1 mile shore frontage. Beautifully wooded grounds. Ideal recreation or rest. Private, modern cottages. Tasty, home-cooked food. From $60 per week. Write or phone William Lawson, Litchfield, Maine, ANdrew 8-4471.

FESTIVAL HOUSE in Lenox, Massachusetts, near Tanglewood. Arts workshop, quartet, folk-dancing, Lord Burgess, lectures, pool, tennis, ideal vacation. Write for brochure.

MIDWEST READERS—Writers, Teachers! Find quiet and inspiration in hundreds of acres private forest at the comfortable Waukazoo Club—on Lake Macatawa, near intriguing Holland, Michigan. Wonderful food, fine sand beach, good beds. Rates and folder. Manager, Waukazoo Club, Waukazoo Drive, Holland, Michigan.

MUSIC INN—like the Boston Symphony? Mahalia Jackson, Odetta, George Shearing? Josh White? Come Friday, June 26—stay to Sunday, July 5, and hear all of them. 9-day week for rate of 7. Swimming, tennis, bicycles. Stephanie Barber, Lenox 1, Massachusetts.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard. You're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. MENEMSHA INN, Menemsha 9, Massachusetts.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. *Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature* lovers' paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

WINDY HILL, R.D. 1, WALDEN, N. Y. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh 1232.

CAPE COD VACATION. The charming Brewster Inn—52nd year—$30 weekly (double occupancy), breakfast included. Folder. Box H-679.

THE SACHEM. Delicious food, ideal location. Most reasonable rates. Russell Ireland, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates. June 18 to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction, Maine.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure Available.

RESIDENT CENTER FOR MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS. Skilled professional staff offers assistance in informal program of chamber music, painting, jewelry, ceramics. Fine meals, relaxed atmosphere. Vacation with a purpose for a week or more in beautiful Green Mountain setting. July 5 to August 23. Write Evalyn Bates, Box S, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2100 ft. elevation. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

CAMP KOKATOSI, RAYMOND, MAINE. For business and professional women and girls. Beautiful lake, sandy beach. Individual cabins. All sports, varied entertainment. Rest when you need it, activity when you want it. Booklet. Ruth Day Collins, Director.

TRELORNEY, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS . . . on the *road to Tanglewood (walking distance) . . . near all* Festivals: Berkshire, Jacob's Pillow Dance; Berkshire Playhouse . . . 17 acres of beautiful grounds insure a peaceful, relaxed vacation. An atmosphere where you can renew body and spirit. . . . Simple but gracious accommodations limited to 40 guests. Fine food, reasonable rates. . . . Large swimming pool, all weather tennis court on our grounds. Golf and horseback riding nearby. . . . Reservations advisable, season June 27 to September 9. For Folder, write: Joseph di Lorenzo, Lenox, Massachusetts.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Summer again! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY, Massachusetts. Berkshires, French cuisine, small, ideal do-nothingism.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Green Mountains. Charming Alpine inn. 2,100' elevation. Panoramic view. Superb food. Relaxing, friendly, informal. Swimming, hiking, sports. Folder.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, *deep-sea fishing, golf, movies.* Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet. Maurice Weare, Manager. WElls (MIdway) 6-5662.

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. Secluded cottages with fireplaces. Excellent food.

THE UNTERMEYER ESTATE, Elizabethtown, New York, in the Adirondack Mountains. 160 acres gardens, meadows, woods. Rooms in main house or detached cottages. Season from July 15th. Excellent cuisine, 3 meals daily. Ideal for rest or work. Tennis, golf, swimming, fishing, Hi-Fi, art school. Weekly $79. Write owner, Dr. Otto Radl, 19 West 69th Street, NYC.

YOU'LL LIKE THE ACCOMMODATIONS at Captain Bangs Hallet Guest House, Yarmouthport, Massachusetts. Convenient to all Cape Cod. Brochure.

SUMMER VACATION HOME for your child. Not a camp. Spacious 20 acre estate for select few. Write Mrs. Parham, Croton-On-Hudson, New York.

TENT CAMPING, 50 acres luxurious hilltop. Write for brochure. Pick up thy tent and hie thee to THISTLE HILL, Marshfield, Vermont.

FAIR, REMOTE ISLE, Maine. Enjoy Monhegan's storied cliffs and gentle slopes. HALCYON offers modestly luxurious lodgings for peaceful relaxation. Nelson, Franklin Park, New Jersey.

TRAVEL

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—land of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine, and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

IF THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD . . . and much too expensive, try Beekman Tower Hotel, overlooking United Nations and East River, minutes from midtown in exclusive Beekman Hill, featuring most marvelous view in all Manhattan, Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. Special value in a few *single rooms with semi-private bath* $5.75. Family rates available. 49th Street and East River, New York 17. Write for folder R.

JOIN BAHAMA CRUISE. 150 foot schooner leaves Miami for Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Andros, Grand Bahamas. All expenses for 10 days $150.00. Capt. Burke, P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami phone FRanklin 1-0893.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

JOIN SMALL GROUP on European tour by automobile with chauffeur-guide. 30 days visiting England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, France. By air from New York $1,162.20. Write Box H-690.

TOUR CULTURAL CENTERS of Europe: Dublin, London, Amsterdam, Munich, Venice, Florence, Rome, Geneva, Paris. New York, round trip complete, $1,095. Contact Virginia Fitzsimons, Webber Branch Library, Minneapolis 12, Minnesota.

LESS THAN A GROUP, more like a family—leisurely automobile trip through Europe planned for infirm (and elderly) persons. Apply early: group very small. Experienced director, nurse on staff. Free brochure. Box H-734. SR.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1315

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Following "The", Dryden's satirical poem aimed at the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Whigs, 1682.	3 202 188 165 96
B. Near to supreme power, favor, judgment, etc. (3 wds. not in Webster as a phrase.)	72 1 122 59 18 6 57 142 13 42 95
C. Betrayed (underworld slang; 2 wds.).	150 189 34 56 180 9 120 113
D. Desire, as did Tennyson's Guinevere after warmth and color, when she thought she "could not breathe in . . . that pure severity of perfect light" (2 wds.).	168 97 22 133 26 14 88 81
E. Body of a nation's legends.	119 145 155 71 2 199 64 20 132
F. Felt uneasy wish to satisfy.	69 27 40 62 128 136
G. Be present at; pay heed to.	135 38 91 172 190 50
H. What Swinburne said "the skirts of the dead night cover" (2 wds.).	89 75 201 143 93 79 37
I. Early years of life.	46 4 109 77 39 87 16 177 98
J. Where Kipling's Tomlinson patted his God (3 wds.).	124 23 140 123 36 84 117 80 181
K. Infertile; barren.	141 30 198 166 48 65 104 147 178 7
L. Of precious stones, having a true luster when cut.	32 144 74 125
M. Dehisced.	103 139 192 35 114
N. Nourishing, to body or mind.	161 164 131 186 52
O. Belonging to the former Miss Mussolini.	149 82 130 184 12
P. This year's crop of *Solanum tuberosum* (2 wds.).	171 127 68 63 200 43 8 185 134 58 118
Q. "Dere Mable's" correspondent who later fathered a famous bride.	55 115 203 175 33 70 187 92
R. Belonging to a special age.	41 176 153 194 183 51 167
S. Increased in value.	196 154 116 99 66 182 90 191
T. German founder of cellular pathology who also figured in politics, opposing Bismarck (19th cent.).	94 60 107 158 105 173 126
U. Daughter-in-law of Leovigild, good Visigoth king in Spain, 6th cent.	10 49 110 44 163 148 156 25 204
V. Seventh-cent. king of Northumbrians, converted to Christianity during exile to Iona (2 wds.).	179 146 160 102 67 78 5 17 112 21 169
W. Posthumous son of Phinehas, and grandson of Eli (Bible).	193 86 28 54 162 170 24
X. Unduly confident; arrogant; conceited.	108 73 11 45 53 29 157 15 31 19 61
Y. Polish composer who invented a system of musical notation for the blind (1846-1909).	174 152 137 129 101 76 138 195 85
Z. Hand over something demanded (2 wds.; slang).	47 111 106 100 159 197 121 83 151

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 B	2 E		3 A	4 I	5 V	6 B		7 K	8 P	9 C	10 U	11 X	12 O								
13 B	14 D		15 X	16 I	17 V		18 B	19 X	20 E	21 V	22 D	23 J	24 W		25 U	26 D								
27 F	28 W	29 X		30 K	31 X	32 L	33 Q	34 C	35 M	36 J	37 H	38 G	39 I		40 F	41 R	42 B							
43 P	44 U	45 X	46 I		47 Z	48 K	49 U	50 G	51 R	52 N		53 X	54 W	55 Q		56 C	57 B							
58 P		59 B	60 T	61 X	62 F		63 P	64 E	65 K	66 S	67 V		68 P	69 F	70 Q	71 E								
72 B		73 X	74 L	75 H	76 Y		77 I	78 V	79 H	80 J	81 D	82 O		83 Z	84 J	85 Y	86 W							
87 I		88 D	89 H	90 S		91 G	92 Q	93 H	94 T	95 B	96 A	97 D	98 I		99 S	100 Z	101 Y							
102 V	103 M		104 K	105 T	106 Z		107 T	108 X	109 I	110 U	111 Z		112 V	113 C	114 M		115 Q							
116 S	117 J		118 P	119 E	120 C	121 Z	122 B	123 J		124 J	125 L		126 T	127 P	128 F	129 Y	130 O							
131 N	132 E		133 D	134 P	135 G	136 F	137 Y		138 Y	139 M	140 J	141 K	142 B	143 H	144 L	145 E								
146 V	147 K	148 U	149 O	150 C	151 Z	152 Y	153 R	154 S		155 E	156 U	157 X		158 T	159 Z	160 V	161 N							
162 W		163 U	164 N	165 A	166 K	167 R	168 D		169 V	170 W	171 P	172 G		173 T	174 Y	175 Q								
176 R	177 I	178 K	179 V	180 C	181 J		182 S	183 R	184 O	185 P	186 N	187 Q	188 A		189 C	190 G	191 S							
	192 M	193 W	194 R	195 Y	196 S	197 Z		198 K	199 E	200 P	201 H	202 A	203 Q	204 U										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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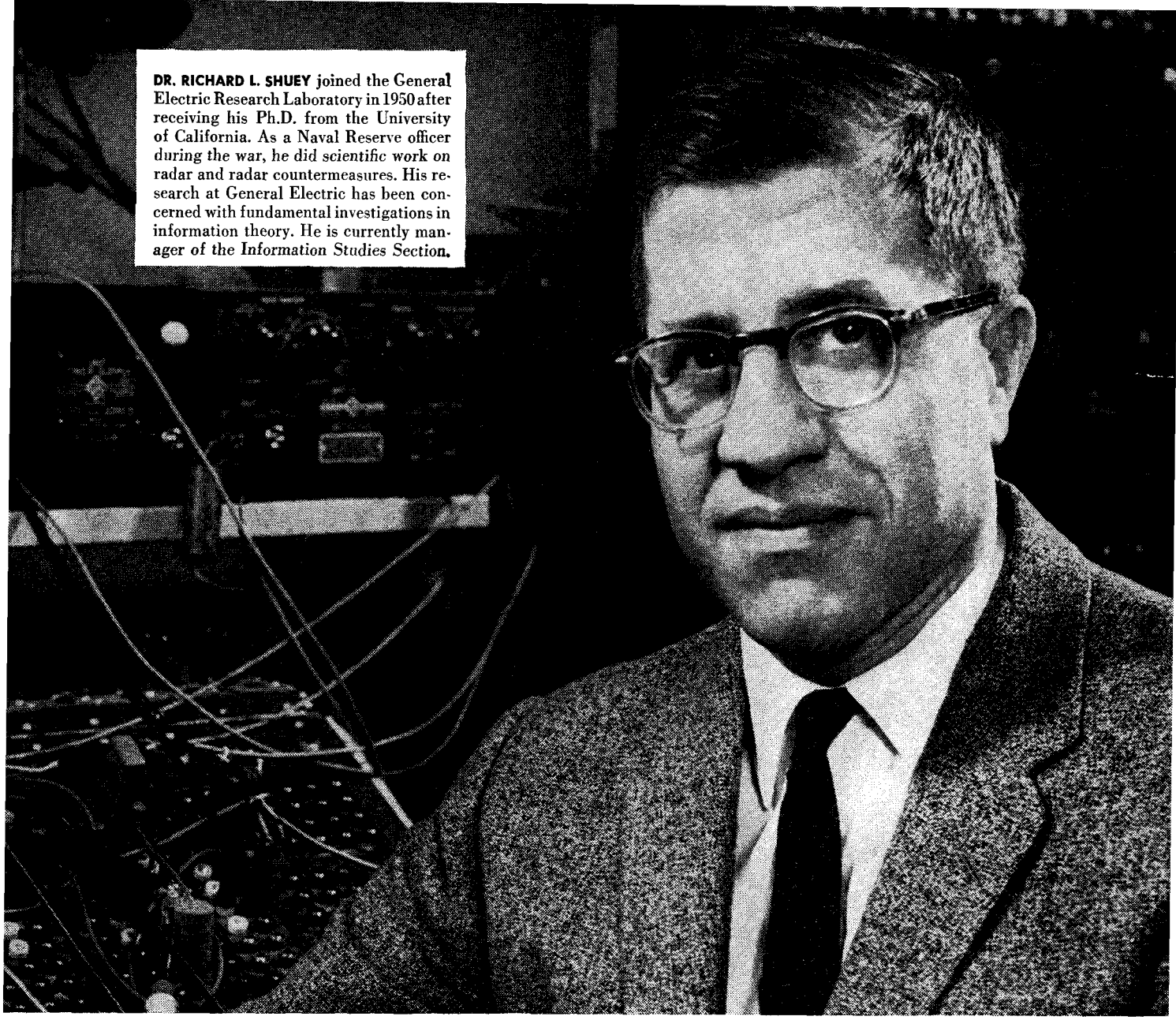

DR. RICHARD L. SHUEY joined the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1950 after receiving his Ph.D. from the University of California. As a Naval Reserve officer during the war, he did scientific work on radar and radar countermeasures. His research at General Electric has been concerned with fundamental investigations in information theory. He is currently manager of the Information Studies Section.

Will machines ever "think"?

General Electric's Dr. Richard L. Shuey seeks new insight into the problems of information processing

TODAY'S computing machines frequently are described as "fast morons" — they do what they are told, and they do it with extraordinary speed. But will tomorrow's machines be capable of judgment without human guidance? Dr. Richard L. Shuey of the General Electric Research Laboratory believes that they will — when future, more sophisticated machines are given the capability of *self-organization*. While it is unlikely that man-made machines will ever duplicate all aspects of human intelligence, they will develop *their own criteria for decision making*, and in most cases will program their own operations.

Dr. Shuey and his associates are attacking these problems by using and combining knowledge from several areas of science. Mathematicians, electrical engineers, and physicists work side by side, and there is a growing interest in applying biological science to the theory of information processing.

The dramatic advances that are already being made in this area at General Electric typify the progress that can be made when scientists are provided the incentives, the tools, and the freedom to seek out new knowledge.

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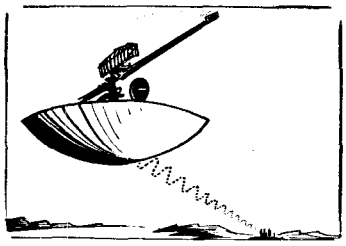

—Doug Anderson.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XXXIX • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Is Science Too Big For the Scientist?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *SKYCUP*
- *EXPENSIVE EXPANSIVE*
- *EVERYBODY'S BOMB*

WE DON'T put very much faith in flying saucers. But flying cups are something else again. The one in our masthead sketch this month was imagined by engineers of the Raytheon Company. The dotted line from the ground to the cup's bottom is not an extension cord but a symbolization of a radar wave. The idea is to use such waves to beam power through the air to an altitude of perhaps 30,000 feet. Devices inside the cup convert this power into heat for compressed air jets at the tips of the rotating wing. The whirling of the rotor holds the cup in hovering position indefinitely.

• • •

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER's Science Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., has issued a 16,000 word report urging at least a doubling of the $18 billion a year now being spent on education in the United States. First priority was given to enhancement of teachers' pay. Next came revision of the curriculum to substitute intellectually tough subjects for courses in "personal adjustment" and social techniques. A need for encouraging the gifted student to advance as rapidly as his individual skills allow was emphasized. More science for everyone, to fit the major role that science plays in modern society, was called for; but it was made clear that the scientist in his turn should have a good command of English and at least one foreign language. Women were singled out for special attention, the sex being described as "an enormous potential resource for research, scholarship and teaching which we have not even begun to tap."

One paragraph in the report reiterated what SR/RESEARCH has been saying in one form or another for three and a half years:

"A democratic citizenry today must understand science in order to have a wide and intelligent democratic participation in many national decisions. Such decisions are being made now. They cannot be postponed for twenty years while we are improving our present education system so that its products will constitute a significant fraction of the mature voting population. There is, therefore, no escape from the urgency of providing high-grade and plentiful science adult education in science now, planned for those who are unprepared even in the fundamentals."

The report argues that adult education in science must be imaginative. With that we agree. The report also says that adult education in science must be expensive. With this we do not agree so readily. A great deal more could be done than is being done now through newspapers and magazines, at virtually no cost, if scientists would try to understand timing and other practical questions involved in communication with the public. Much of the prevailing difficulty in conveying scientific ideas springs from the scientist's insistence that everything be done his way, according to his timetable, and under circumstances of his choosing. The President's Science Advisory Committee itself, and Dr. Killian's own office, could widen the impact of their admittedly effective work by establishing a reliable mechanism for keeping in touch with science editors in and out of Washington. Why not occasional authoritative briefings for men chosen by the same criteria science habitually employs in choosing researchers: reliable performance, a good grasp of the subject, and skeptical imagination?

• • •

THE rocket-to-Venus that we wrote about last month has been delayed. The increasingly sensible space research policy we ascribed to Dr. T. Keith Glennan, boss of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, is now sufficiently in force to cancel nonsensical deadlines. The Venus rocket just wasn't ready to do anything that was scientifically worth the trip.

• • •

"THE threat that many nations now without nuclear weapons will soon acquire them is profoundly disquieting to many thoughtful men. Today, three nations possess such weapons—tomorrow, the number may be four, five, six or more. This trend has been characterized in the press as arising from a desire for membership in the 'atomic club'; it is referred to by many scientists as the 'nth country problem.'

"Whenever the problem has been discussed, it has aroused fear. Thus, John Foster Dulles wrote in 1957, during a discussion of the proposal for a NATO stockpile of atomic weapons, that we are confronted with the concomitant problem of 'how to prevent the promiscuous spread of nuclear weapons throughout the world. Without safeguards, such weapons might in the future get into the hands of irresponsible dictators and be used as a form of blackmail. The world would indeed

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...NEWS IS HAPPENING AT NORTHROP

Mr. Stevens is a leader in the development of America's first successful intercontinental inertial guidance system–Nortronics' Mark I System for the SM-62 Snark. He is manager of the Electronic Systems and Equipment Department, Nortronics Division of Northrop Corp., Hawthorne, Calif.

Answering Space Age Problems with Electronic Systems –at Nortronics

by Frederick Stevens

Today, and more especially tomorrow, aircraft, missile and space-vehicle development offers the systems specialist challenges of increasing scope.

Since 1946, personnel of Nortronics have worked to create solutions to such problems. When new and advanced digital computation was required, for example, Nortronics developed DIDA – Digital Differential Analyzer. More recently, Nortronics created a daytime star tracker that utilizes a signal which is only one millionth the daytime background signal.

To find the answers for today and tomorrow–to build the newest systems–Nortronics brings together experts in various technologies.

At Nortronics the technical man works with the latest advances. For example, along with the facilities of the Northrop Corporation, this year Nortronics' Electronic Systems and Equipment Department is spending four million dollars for new equipment and facilities.

Such equipment and the range of projects at Nortronics offers the specialist a chance to broaden his activities. Company organization encourages the maximum use of individual creative ability.

Aiding this individual effort are continuous in-house programs selected primarily to maintain systems capability at the highest possible technical level. Typical of the results of Nortronics' programs is the advance represented by LINS – Lightweight Inertial Navigation System. This is a complete system platform that occupies only three cubic feet – one more example of how electronic systems at Nortronics are answering the challenges of the space age.

Current papers by Nortronics' specialists:

Aids to Inertial Navigation – Frederick Stevens

Inertial Navigation, A Useful Technique for Space Navigation–Frederick Stevens

Vibration Effects on Design of Stellar-Inertial Guidance Systems–R. S. Dillon

For copies of these papers and additional information about Northrop Corporation, write:

NORTHROP CORPORATION
Dept. S2-1300-32, P.O. Box 1525
Beverly Hills, California

become an unhappy place to live in if humanity had to accept an ever-present threat of this character.' One may infer from Mr. Dulles' remark that even the existing threat of nuclear warfare is tolerable in comparison with that prospect. . . .

"In the summer of 1958 a small group of scientists under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences undertook a study to determine the capabilities of nations now lacking atomic bombs for producing such weapons, and to examine the possible controls that could be imposed to prevent their doing so. The report is entitled *The Nth Country Problem: A World-Wide Survey of Nuclear Weapons Capabilities.* Its authors were William C. Davidon, a physicist at the Argonne National Laboratory, Christoph Hohenemser, a graduate student in the physics department at Washington University, and Marvin I. Kalkstein, a nuclear chemist at the Air Force Cambridge Research Center.

"There were three self-imposed limitations on the study: it was to be an essentially technical estimate, divorced as far as possible from political or military implication; it was to be an evaluation of the possibilities of developing a homemade bomb, rather than one obtained through trade or aid; and it was to draw entirely on available unclassified information. The reasons for adopting these conditions were many. To cite a few, a technical study of the problem was lacking and urgently needed. If a nation could produce an atomic bomb by itself, any help from others would make the effort that much easier, simpler, and cheaper. One of the aims of the study was to assemble the available facts in the hope that the people, who must in the end participate in the decisions as to whether or not their governments should make nuclear weapons, may act on the basis of such facts."

So begins an article which will be published on June 10 in *Daedalus*, the new quarterly journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The work will appear under the byline of Howard Simons, managing editor of Science Service, who has been on leave since last September as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard. Through the courtesy of Mr. Simons (a past contributor to *SR*/Research) and with the kind permission of Professor Gerald Holton, editor of *Daedalus*, we report the following major findings of the 227-page-long research study.

"1. Twelve countries are technically able to embark on a successful nuclear weapons program in the near future, most of them being highly industrialized and having either operating reactors or arrangements for obtaining reactors: Belgium, Canada, China, Czechoslovakia, France, East Germany, West Germany, India, Italy, Japan, Sweden, and Switzerland.

"2. Eight countries are considered to be capable economically and fairly competent technically, although perhaps somewhat more limited in scientific manpower: Australia, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Hungary, the Netherlands, Poland, and Yugoslavia.

"3. Six countries are probably economically capable, although more limited in industrial resources and scientific manpower, but it is not likely any or all could achieve a successful nuclear-weapons program within the next five years: Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Norway, Spain, and the Union of South Africa."

The way the experts figured it out, the capital investment necessary for making nuclear bombs is $50,000,000 and the annual operating cost $20,000,000 more. This would make two bombs, or a total of twenty kilograms (a kilogram is 2.2 pounds) of plutonium from 100 metric tons of natural uranium (U-238). The time schedule calls for two to three years of planning, design and construction of manufacturing facilities, followed by two to three years of actual production and assembly of bombs.

"That the production of nuclear weapons is possible in many countries is no proof that it must happen," Mr. Simons observes in his evaluation of the study. "Unless each weaponless nation imposes the ultimate control—that of forswearing nuclear arms—some other means of effective and universal control will have to be found. Controls require agreements and the technical means to effect them; the one is dependent upon the other. It is apparent that both must be world-wide in scope to be at all effective, and that they can best be managed through an international organization such as the United Nations or the International Atomic Energy Agency. The report leans toward the latter as the logical agency for international control, although its sympathy is with any international body that can bring a halt to, or control, nuclear-weapons development. . . .

"The balance between the dreadful and the hopeful results of a spread of nuclear weapons beyond the present nuclear powers leans clearly to the former. The world and its people have become preoccupied with 'warning time' about so many of the problems of today, it would indeed be doubly tragic if when ample alarm has been sounded, the result should be a failure to do something about it."

—John Lear,
Science Editor.

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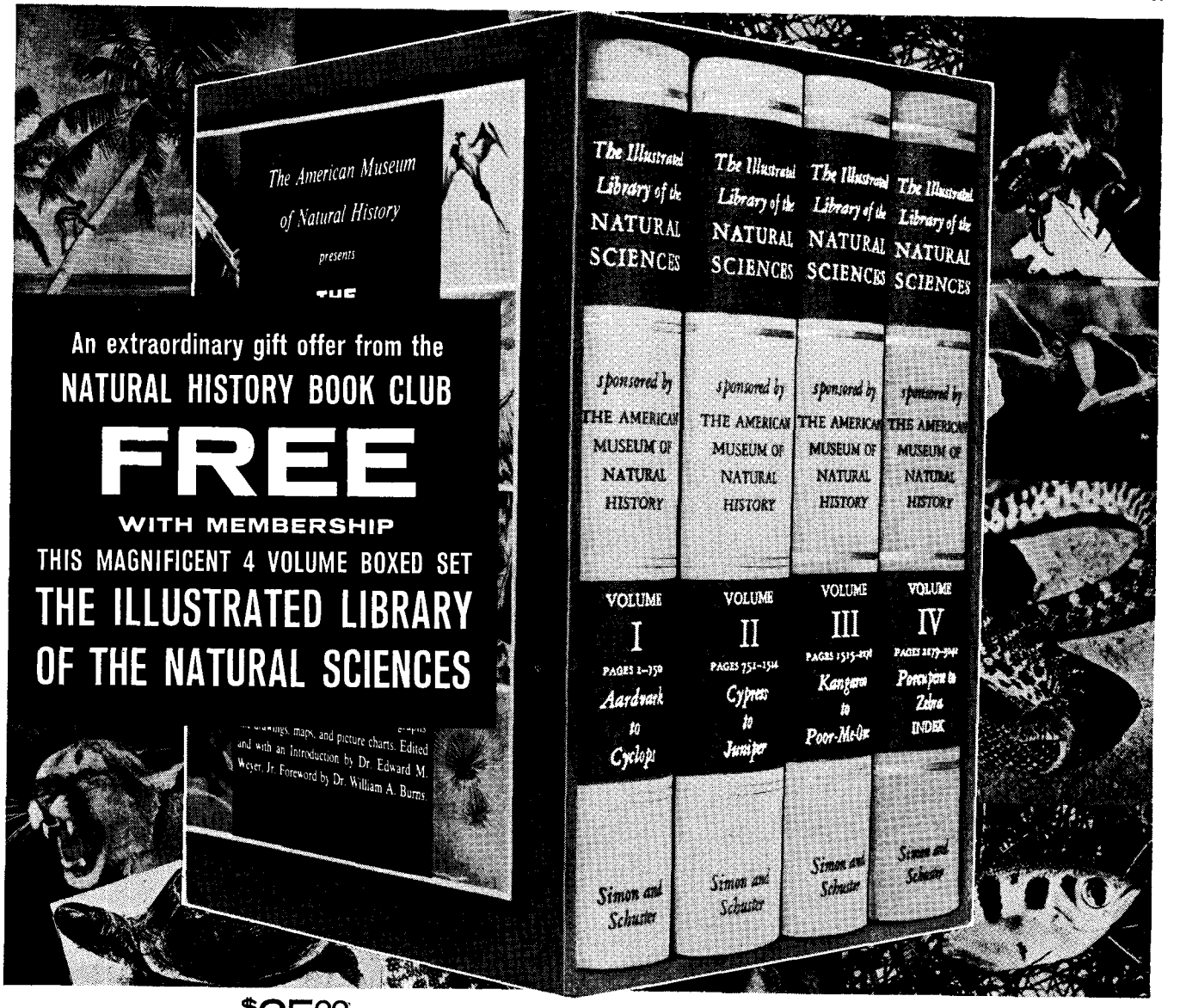

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IS SCIENCE TOO BIG

No Disciplined Thought Is Driven

EDITOR'S NOTE: Three times in the forty months of its existence, SR/RESEARCH has given over all of its space to diagnosis of the growing pains of the self-conscious giant, Science. The first was in February 1957, and was occupied with the question of how scientific discoveries can democratically be put at the people's disposal. The second was in July 1958, and was concerned with Earth as a water planet and with the need for research in global dimensions to explore the meetings of sea and sky. The third was in October 1958. It looked at man as he stands on the edge of the watery ocean at the bottom of the sea of air that is the broth of his life.

We have not, of course, been alone in our searchings. Taxpayers' reactions to billions of dollars of spending for electronic brains, atom-smashers, strange new kinds of balloons for the deep sea and the deep sky, man-made moons and robot explorers for neighboring planets, have been on the mind of President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., ever since his appointment late in 1957. Among others who share his preoccupation are the trustees of the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. They, in the autumn of last year, proposed to the National Academy of Sciences and to the American Association for the Advancement of Science that the questions be stated openly at a public forum.

Last month some 500 scientists gathered in the Caspary Auditorium of Rockefeller Institute in New York for the meeting, on the three days May 14-15-16, in response to a call from the forum's coordinator, Dr. Warren Weaver, to "consider the following questions:

"1. Is not the large support of applied research, and still more particularly the massive present support of development, in unhealthy relation to the meager support for basic research?

"2. Is it not true that industry pays eager lip service to basic research, but in actual fact does not give adequate support to basic research, either within industry or elsewhere?

"3. Has either industry or government learned how to protect basic research from the insistent demands of applied research and development?

"4. Are not universities so deeply invaded by the demands for solving immediate problems and by the temptation of income for so doing, that there are all too few cases of competent scholars pondering about problems simply because it interests them to do so? Is there not a real danger that the scholars in our universities will lose—and indeed have already partly lost—the 'maneuvering room for their continuing reanalysis of the universe?'

"5. Has it been effectively accepted in our country that the spirit of basic research is an essential ingredient of the educational process—and that this fact should affect educational procedures at all levels?"

"It is the purpose of this symposium," the summons concluded, "to set forth and examine with candor the facts concerning the support of basic research in our country; to inquire realistically what are the blocks which prevent our doing what we all say we believe is important; to make concrete suggestions as to ways in which the situation can be improved; and in general to proclaim the fundamental faith which we have in the importance of free and imaginative basic research, and to do this with such competence and vigor as will have a national impact."

After two days and one night of talk, to which a noted contributor was President Eisenhower (Gracing a scientific gathering for the first time since his occupancy of the White House, he announced his approval of Federal spending for a two-mile-long atom-smasher at Stanford University in California. The original $100,000,000 price-tag on it is expected to double at least before the instrument is finished, and upkeep will run between $15-and-25 million a year. Whether its construction should be begun before smaller colossi, now abuilding, can prove whether research value grows with size indefinitely, has been hotly argued.), a selected hundred of the 500 delegates met behind closed doors to draw up conclusions.

THE main challenge before them, everyone agreed, was Dr. Merle A. Tuve's expression of concern that science, in growing big, is growing too far away from austerely disciplined thought. It is the unadorned mind of man, he recalled, and not the fanciful instruments man conceives, that produces all of the beautiful in science. Respect for knowledge itself must stand above pride in intricate organization of the search for knowledge.

Dr. Tuve's remarks had fallen on the second morning of the open meeting like a thunderclap on a sunny day. The applause that followed them had been loud and prolonged. Dr. Tuve clearly had said some things that the great majority of the assemblage felt needed saying. The clapping kept him on his feet so long after he stopped speaking that the moderator of that particular session forgot to announce that science reporters were waiting for a press conference. While the reporters waited, the delegates went to lunch.

Concurrence in Dr. Tuve's views was not unanimous, however. There were some who felt he had overstated the case. Where, for instance, asked Dr. Lloyd Berkner (who has the job of directing huge expenditures for instrumentation in atomic, atmospheric, oceanographic and space research) would the Theory of Evolution be if Charles Darwin had not been able to travel on the *Beagle*? This, in its way, was overstatement, too. The real question was: Had Darwin always been comfortable on the *Beagle*? Nevertheless, there was a point.

The secrecy of the forum's concluding session, at which the hoped-for "national impact" presumably was to be designed, left an unfortunate implication that science is not yet ready to extend full confidence to the public even on those occasions whose prime objective is public understanding. Not until September, when the proceedings are published in book form by the AAAS, will the findings, if any, be known. In its deliberations meanwhile, the Congress of the United States will need to consider, along with pleas for more funds for science, fears of scholars that the search for knowledge is taking on too many characteristics of the big machine. An excerpt from the warning of Dr. Tuve, one of America's most distinguished researchers, begins on the next page. ►

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FOR THE SCIENTIST?

from Herds of Giant Research Robots

By MERLE A. TUVE

HUGE new synchrotrons and cosmotrons and electronic computers, and polar expeditions and balloon and rocket flights and great government laboratories costing more each year than the total academic costs of many of our greatest universities—all of these conspicuous aspects of our new national devotion to science are subsidiary and peripheral. They do not serve appreciably to produce or develop creative thinkers and productive investigators. At best they serve in a brief or a rather incidental way, and at worst they devour.

There is a growing conviction among my friends in academic circles that the university today is no place for a scholar in science. A professor's life nowadays is a rat-race of busyness and activity, managing contracts and projects, guiding teams of assistants, bossing crews of technicians, making numerous trips, sitting on committees for government agencies, and engaging in other distractions necessary to keep the whole frenetic business from collapse.

This picture is ignored and even denied by some. But it is much too genuine for a great many others. Too many of our academic leaders have chosen this pattern of activity and personal power in preference to the quieter and more difficult life of dealing with ideas and scholarly initiative.

In this new style world of scientific research, the private research institutes set up some decades ago do not count for much in terms of size, as measured either by numbers of workers or by yearly expenditures. The chief examples are the Rockefeller, Carnegie, Guggenheim, and Bamberger establishments. Probably their greatest contribution to scientific research today is in their continuance as prototypes of well-tested mechanisms for the selection and encouragement of creative individuals and for the maintenance of a productive environment for the scientific investigator.

We all know what we mean by truly basic research. We mean a devoted and almost passionate personal activity in search of new knowledge, not just factual information, but knowledge of the kind which can enlarge our understanding, knowledge which is not facts in isolation but facts related to guiding hypotheses or principles, knowledge which relates to natural law. This kind of truly basic research is a creative activity, an expression of wonder. It is concerned with ideas, hopefully and critically directed toward understanding, and is often the spontaneous effort of one man, or at most of several competent individuals working together. It is not directed or organized. Only in the later stages, often close to technology or to medical use, does it lead to the employment of large groups of specialists operated as a team. It is a quest, not a job to be done. The measure of success is the quality of the effort and the character of the critical selection of goals to be sought, not the quantity of the output of scientific results. These men serve the conviction that greater knowledge and deeper understanding are undeniably good.

I would like to point out that all of us [scientists] have contributed to a more or less purposeful confusion in our use of the words "basic research." We have lumped under "research and development" so many huge technological activities in the national budget, and correspondingly in corporation budgets and elsewhere, that the figures have become practically meaningless. Under "research" and even under "basic research" we have encouraged and budgeted huge enterprises of essentially operational character, most of them promoted with some enthusiastic hope of great national prestige. Essentially these projects are based on the twin arguments that the USA must be first and biggest, and that tax money is not real money but just a voucher for directing the expenditure of national effort toward certain speculative goals because otherwise this effort would not be spent at all or would just be directed toward more personal goals.

After the special usefulness in war technology of men trained in basic physical sciences had been demonstrated during World War II, the idea of *mission-directed basic research* was firmly implanted by our concerted efforts at numerous locations in the dark recesses of the military budgets. We have all been faithfully supervising the growth of this hybrid notion ever since, in the halls of Congress and in the minds of the public. We all know that only an extremely small fraction of the various budgets we help to defend are truly basic, intensive studies devoted to the perception and formulation of new knowledge toward deeper understanding.

BASIC research was enlarged long ago to include the personal accumulation of information known to be of little or no present interest to others. Then the engineers and chemists, followed by the rest of us, began to include under "basic research" the systematic accumulation of measurements by organized groups of technicians with a view to the usefulness of the resulting tables of data for various technological purposes. This kind of activity by large groups of technicians has expanded far beyond systematic data-taking to include whole experimental programs on a speculative basis, only very thinly flavored with the personal interest of a competent individual and containing only minute traces of the love of knowledge.

I might give a mild example. I have served for many years on the executive committee of the United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year. When the Russians announced that they would join this cooperative world activity, the IGY became important as an example of international collaboration which could be carried on in spite of crucial differences in political policies and beliefs. The IGY's success, then, was important for reasons which probably transcended the intrinsic value of the detailed scientific observations themselves. As a consequence, on the executive committee we had to judge and approve expenditures which seemed outrageously large in relation to their possible scientific merit or importance, and we served as the excuse for logistics for various polar expeditions and airplane and rocket flights which cost

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—Carnegie Instit.

Dr. Merle A. Tuve

AUSTERITY IS NOT JUST ANOTHER WORD to Dr. Merle A. Tuve, director of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism at the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D.C. His own career is filled with examples of what can be done with simple tools in imaginative, determined hands. All that he and Gregory Breit had to work with in the most famous of them was a radio receiving set. Yet with it they confirmed the existence of the ionosphere, the electrical sea that washes the outer depths of Earth's atmosphere. That was in 1925. The radio transmitter of the Naval Research Laboratory was already in operation on the Potomac, and the two men merely recorded the pulses of its broadcasts bouncing back to the ground. Though not much was made of it then, the corollary importance of that historic experiment was the first use of the principle of radar.

Were he a specialist in some narrow category of study, Dr. Tuve's opinions might easily be set aside as applicable only to his particular line of interest. What makes him especially worth listening to is the catholicity of his research taste. His mind ranges all the way from distant space among the stars to the mystery that lies beneath Earth's crust, and from atomic mutation to the proximity fuse and the guided missile to wild growth of cells in cancer. (Which, incidentally, illustrates how disparate a man's work can be nowadays without affecting his good standing as a physicist.)

Born in the town of Canton, South Dakota, 58 years ago this month of June, Dr. Tuve took Bachelor of Science and Master of Science degrees at the University of Minnesota, and a Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins. He taught physics at Princeton and Johns Hopkins before joining the Carnegie Institution staff in 1926. He learned to know the scientific oligarchy of this country from the inside and from the beginning of its period of real power by serving as chairman of Section T of Vannevar Bush's Office of Scientific Research and Development between 1940 and 1945. His honor decorations are too numerous to be arrayed on any shirt-front: Presidential Medal of Merit, Commander of the Order of the British Empire, John Scott Award, Comstock Prize, Research Corporation Award, Howard N. Potts Medal, Outstanding Achievement Medal of the University of Minnesota, Barnard Medal of Columbia University.

No aspect of organized science can be said to be alien to him. He can see the problems of communication from two directions—as a contributor to The Physical Review and other journals, and as editor for ten years of the Journal of Physical Research. He sits on the U.S. National Committee for the International Geophysical Year, chairs the Advisory Panel on Radio Astronomy of the National Science Foundation, and has been a university trustee (Johns Hopkins) since 1955. He is familiar with the problems of women in science through his marriage to a physician (nee Winifred Gray Whitman, she has given him two children: Trygve Whitman and Lucy Winifred), and he keeps in touch with the arts through his membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

money enough to have subsidized the physical sciences at all of our universities in great luxury for many decades. The money was all spent, mostly of necessity by our military services. We encountered or produced in the IGY many examples of a drastic loss of a sense of proportion between the costs of a project and its substantive content.

When a scientific scholar—as distinguished perhaps from a business executive—speaks of basic research, surely he must have primary reference to the *support of ideas*, not the operations aspect of technological performances or record achievements, however spectacular, such as submarine trips under the polar ice or successful Antarctic logistics for the IGY.

I might suggest that for purposes of discussion the term "academic research" could be considered to refer to the intensely personal activity of individual professional workers in search of scientific knowledge, the kind of activity we all recognize as basic research, even during its drudgery stages. The term "technological research" could be used to refer to the very much larger body of activity (often involving a great many individuals not qualified as independent investigators) which underlies, in its matter of fact way, the work of various practical groups in industry and government.

Now the reason for making this perhaps uncomfortable distinction is not in order to attack technological research as such (except on perhaps one point, namely: that it deflects, distracts, and subtracts some highly creative and effective individuals from the research area we clearly recognize as the support of ideas). The reason for making the distinction is simply to remind you that all of the huge activities of technological research grow out of the highly personal activities of academic research. No array of feedback arguments will convince very many of us that the real germ of new knowledge is the product of team activity or the result of large-scale instruments or implements created in the simple hope of learning something new. The idea and the research objective must come first, then the instrument must be created for approaching this objective and testing the idea. Occasionally, but often in an equivocal sense, the notion that teams and big instruments create new areas of knowledge appears partly true or at least plausible. But I have observed that the new scientific knowledge gained by just operating a huge expedition or big-scale instrumentation often must be inflated by repeated public statements until it appears to have great scientific importance. When asked seriously about it, the non-involved workers in the relevant scientific field are frequently unable to say why the results obtained should be considered so important, except that they cost a lot or involve such a spectacular effort. Most of our present hoop-la about space is in this category.

The enormous expansion of funds and activities called research has left the private research institute as only a minuscule item in the whole picture, but the institute's function seems thereby to have become even more clearcut and conspicuous. In discussing the activities of my own Department in the Carnegie Institution I have said for some years that it is very simply our aim "to be just a good old-fashioned example of the real thing." By this of course we mean that we attempt to support the highly personal activity of the individual research man who does his own research work. This is our interpretation of the "support of ideas."

THIS basic idea of buying a man's time and giving it back to him, as a support for his ideas and his thinking, has some important corollary aspects. One is that he must not have too many people interfering with his time or he becomes a manager and an operator more than a research man. Another corollary is, especially in these days, that his equipment will be smaller and less complicated than the best equipment in his field of work or again he will be converted

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into a manager or a constructor or a big time operator. In general the corollary is simply one of *reasonable austerity*. Many of us who have soberly discussed the environment required to foster creative personal activity recognize that a moderate degree of austerity is essential to the hard work and disciplined self criticism which are always required for creative intellectual accomplishment.

AUSTERITY as an essential requirement for creative research may sound harsh and out of date to most of the big operators and many of the young technical men in research today. But the undeniable fact is that creative work is nearly always done with limited resources and under difficult conditions.

I think it is important for us to recognize the relatively small size of the annual budget for this academic kind of basic research. Even though our methods are more wasteful, and we buy numerous industrial tools and instruments, and we pay all of our graduate students, the total number of competent and fully trained investigators who are really devoted to seeking new laws and new regularities in nature's processes and not guided toward practical ends such as better radio or radar or better submarine detection or navigation or better rockets or antibiotics is not large. The number of these academic men in basic research is still not too different from the pre-war number of similar fully trained scientific investigators. In some ways we must take a larger discount, in fact, because so many of our principal research men spend such a large fraction of their time now in obtaining and spending large government grants and in supervising large groups of rather poorly qualified workers who have been upgraded into posts as research men but who are not qualified to be independent investigators. It is my impression that the total effort really spent on basic scientific research in the old-fashioned or scholarly sense has not increased by more than a modest fraction and in no way can be compared with the huge figures of five hundred million and eight hundred million dollars per year which are supposed to be spent for basic research in this country.

How much basic research do we "need"? Why do we think we should have more basic research? I have not been able to recognize any objective basis for making a quantitative statement about our need for the academic research I have described above. Even a relative statement regarding the amount or quantity, such as the remark that we need much more basic research than we have in progress today, is hardly to be demonstrated objectively, I think. But each of us has his own convictions on the subject. I suggest that we recognize the depth and quality of our convictions, and note that they actually rest on a higher and broader foundation than, for example, can be objectively demonstrated by economic statistics or by the calculable limitations of our present-day technology. I do not agree that the primary reason for underwriting basic research in science is a utilitarian one, to provide new facts and ideas to be utilized by industry. Instead, one of the good reasons for us to have a productive industrial plant is to give us some excess social energy to invest in science and the arts for their own sakes.

Our individual convictions regarding academic research are thus rooted in our views of what constitutes the good life. We all feel that a prosperous society should not spend its entire energy and resources in enjoyments of the moment, but that it should also add some permanent enrichment to the lives of others (and, for that matter, to the lives of its own individuals). Higher education is recognized in the USA as in itself a "higher good." Scholarly achievement, the recognition and delineation of new knowledge, is nearly everywhere in our country granted a position of respect and honor.

The real foundation, then, for an examination of the question as to how much of this kind of genuine basic research we need, does not lie in our predictions as to the needs of industry or technology for more facts and for new areas of industrial activity or profitable investment. Nor does it lie in the continuingly imminent sterility of our efforts to resolve the differences between the value system of our society and those of other societies by a sheer increase in our ability to destroy or to use force. The quantity of basic research needed in our present society rests on our joint estimate of two things: (a) how high in our value system do we place scholarly achievement, or the creative search for new ideas and the formulation of new knowledge, and (b) how much of our national effort can we now afford to invest in these fruits of our prosperity and our convictions?

I have great confidence that most of our public servants, including industrialists and newspaper columnists along with our elected representatives at all levels, have overestimated our willingness to underwrite our fears and have underestimated our willingness to underwrite our hopes. The position of education, and especially of higher education, in the value scale of the adult American, the working taxpayer, is still well up toward the top of the list.

Even though our present level of effort in academic research in science is reasonably high—in part because graduate students are young and

"Their Own Worst Enemies"

GOVERNMENT funds have been the backbone of the growth of the right kind of basic research in the universities in the postwar period. The chief trouble has been that government funds for basic research have not been available in large enough amounts, compared to the funds available for applied research, for testing and development. It is this fact that has forced many universities to take on the development projects in order to have something going that could be called research. A major problem of the future is to keep the funds for basic research growing at an adequate rate.

Here is where the ugly specter of government control rears its head. Will not the government assume control of the universities if it provides funds for their research? The chief answer to this question is that it has not happened yet. The chief threat of control has come not from the government agencies who administer the funds, but from the panels and advisory committees, composed largely of professors, who pass upon projects and budgets before they are accepted. Many of these groups have steadfastly opposed proper overhead payments on research contracts, have opposed including allowances for the salaries of professors working on the projects, have opposed block or departmental grants, and have required of the prospective research worker such elaborate and detailed proposals and reports that a type of bureaucratic committee control has grown up which suppresses daring ideas and takes administrative control out of the hands of the universities themselves.

Scientists, when they get into government, are their own worst enemies. When they have control over activities of their colleagues—through the recommending of research grants—they become autocrats of the most difficult kind.

—DR. LEE A. DU BRIDGE,
President, California Institute of Technology, at the Basic Science Symposium.

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idealistic and there are many of them because the available project money pays each one a good stipend—it could be higher. And the quality of the effort could represent a deeper commitment to the search for truth and beauty if we seriously undertook to devise and support measures which are honestly directed toward the best support of individual creativeness in science. There is much of it in every fresh generation of graduate students. But I feel that we have directed most of our efforts toward the creation and support of large-scale activities essentially technological in character and conspicuous in possible effects. We have not had much success, as a nation, in encouraging quietly creative scholarship and intensely personal activity in research. Our state universities and our larger private institutions did this moderately well but on a modest scale twenty and thirty years ago. But this kind of local enthusiasm seems less prevalent now that large grants, by every scale of comparison, are made to individual professors. And these professors are selected for support not by faculties and deans or faculty research committees who know them, but by their own self esteem (that is, by their personal requests for support) and by boards or panels in Washington. It is at least highly probable that the present system of selection for research support, strongly biased in favor of the excessively self-confident person and the "big operator," is not well designed to favor the quietly creative scholar. Perhaps all we need is the noisily creative scholar. But he is surely a bit less genuinely decorative to our society, and his contributions, although suitably expensive, are probably less permanently valuable.

I now turn with some hesitation to the suggestion of a mechanism which might serve to increase and stabilize the level of creative basic research in our country. My hesitation relates only to the question of using Federal funds in our educational institutions, but perhaps this has already been accepted by most of you. In any case, I believe we should take firm position on the point that the support of true basic research is the support of ideas and that this always means the support of a creative investigator. I think we should make it clear to Congress and to the public that the whole basic record of scientific progress has been made by individual men who could spend their time freely on the scientific problems which puzzled them. I see no valid reason for not insisting that the sound support of basic research requires us to use the technique long used in the universities and copied by the private research institutes, namely, that of buying a creative man's time and giving it back to him. Congress may have strong views against granting public funds as permanent endowment, but we can surely insist that there are specific and identifiable individuals in the world of scientific research whose lifetime efforts can safely be underwritten in advance as good single investments in basic research.

I MEAN thus to say that we might use public funds to purchase a creative investigator's working lifetime, and then give it back to him to spend in his research efforts. A single lump sum of say $700,000 would pay the remaining lifetime salary of a gifted research man after he has been clearly identified as a creative investigator by the age of 30 or 35, and would pay in addition for one or two technical assistants or two or three students to work with him. And we could stipulate to the (university) Regents or Trustees who accepted such a lump sum to underwrite the scientific investigator's lifetime activities that if he should change from the life of a working research scholar to become a manager of large grants or the supervisor of a large team, the Regents would shift him to their own salary rolls and revert the grant which made him a Distinguished Research Scholar.

One might call such an investigator a Franklin Research Professor or a Jefferson Research Scholar. If we were to allocate forty to sixty million dollars per year to the creation of such Research Professors or Research Scholars, suitably selected by a very small University Grants Committee, in one decade we would have in this country a solid phalanx of 500 or 600 outstanding investigators dedicated to basic research and unquestionably free to devote their personal time and attention to creative ideas for the rest of their lives. The total investment over a decade of $400-to-600-million would amount to perhaps half of the cost of one year of our current activity with space rockets or perhaps the cost of operating the Atomic Energy Commission for two months.

All of us (top-flight scientists) are asked at regular intervals to consider and support programs in individual specialties such as nuclear physics or oceanography or space rocketry or meteorology or the chemotherapy of cancer with sums of public money each totaling from 50 to 800 million dollars per year. If we all believe that the real key to basic research is the continued stable support of the individual research man, to give him full freedom, with moderate austerity, to investigate problems in which he is interested, then what prevents our doing what we all say we believe is important?

"The Tendency of the Group Is to Be Conservative"

IT IS clear that certain broad fields of science, such as astronomy, atmospheric research, oceanography, and space research, lend themselves well to cooperative effort. The research institute has for many years been a highly successful institution in a number of European countries, notably Germany, U.S.S.R., and Sweden. It is practically certain that the expanding horizon of research in this country will dictate the organization of new forms of research activity here. Whether the needs can best be met by establishment of special centers for the purpose, or whether coordinated programs should be set up in more decentralized fashion will be a matter for consideration in each case. We must be alert to the weaknesses as well as to the strengths inherent in massive and concentrated effort. Are we likely, for example, to overemphasize group activity at the expense of the individual researcher? Certainly history indicates that capital discoveries can usually be attributed to a single person or a few individuals, although it is quickly admitted that their particular contributions may be only the climax of a host of smaller research contributions. Those who are familiar with group activities will probably agree, if they are entirely candid, that the tendency of the group is to be conservative although powerful, and, in its dedication to its objective, to react rather conservatively to radical ideas or subject matter lying on the periphery of its main activity. Furthermore, an organized group tends to achieve a singleness of purpose and of method (and occasionally "conceit") which by its very nature is apt to ignore ideas from outside. —DR. ALAN T. WATERMAN,

Director, National Science Foundation, at the Basic Science Symposium.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXIX

ATOM AGE MONA LISA: DR. LISE MEITNER

Only An Enigmatic Smile Tells How Her Mind's Eye Saw That Atomic Nucleii Could Fission Like Germs

—*Photo by Davis.*

Dr. Lise Meitner (fourth from left) with admirers at Bryn Mawr.

BRYN MAWR, PA.

AS A woman, I have a certain pride in knowing that the atom age began in a woman's mind. And it has seemed to me that if that beginning could become familiar to schoolgirls, many more women might be inspired to interest themselves in science. So, when I heard that Dr. Lise Meitner had come to Bryn Mawr to lecture in May, I resolved to pay her a call and ask her to tell me the story. For it was in Dr. Meitner's mind that the great moment arrived.

What I have to report from that meeting is stranger than anything I expected. I have discovered a modern Mona Lisa.

Dr. Meitner's smile is lit with hypnotic charm. Her eyes project a glow that can be felt across a room. She talks with wit and grace on any subject the conversation turns to—except her own most notable piece of work.

She is enchanted with the white mouse that two Bryn Mawr students keep as a dormitory pet. She delights in the warmth and fragrance of American spring. She tells, apologetically, of climbing only halfway up the Jungfrau when she was 75. She is sorry she cannot understand Schoenberg's music. She laughs at the way she bamboozled her doctor into approving her latest Atlantic crossing. She avidly explores the theory of the neutrino. She deftly (and briefly) traces her career in terms of beta decay (the slow disintegration of radioactive atoms). But she will not discuss the historic events that began with her receipt of Otto Hahn's Christmas card in December of 1938.

"I am sorry," she told me, with firm politeness. "It is a rule of mine."

The reason for the "rule" has never been explained to anyone. There are only suppositions about it. Foremost among them is that Dr. Meitner has never been reconciled to the destructive use society has made of her brainchild. It was peaceful power—not nuclear bombs—that she visioned when she showed Hahn's card to her nephew, O. R. Frisch, a physicist at Niels Bohr's Institute for Theoretical Physics in Copenhagen.

"It took her a while to make me listen," Frisch wrote subsequently, "but eventually we got to arguing about the meaning of Hahn's result."

Hahn had sent the result with his holiday greeting to Miss Meitner in Stockholm. The message was contrite. Up to the time of her flight from the Nazi pogroms in Germany a few months before, she and he together had spent years in bombarding atoms with slow neutrons. All their work now seemed to have come to naught. Uranium (atomic weight 92) had not broken down into an isotope of radium (atomic weight 88) as Hahn had thought. Mme. Joliot-Curie had proved in France that the newly transmuted staff was really barium (atomic weight 56), hardly better than half the weight of uranium. Who could possibly make that fit into the theory of step-by-step atomic change?

"Very gradually," as Frisch recalls it, his aunt Lise "realized that the nucleus (of the atom) had to be pictured in quite a different way. The picture is not that of a 'particle' (the invading neutron) breaking through a potential barrier, but rather the gradual deformation of the original uranium nucleus, its elongation, formation of a waist and finally separation of the two halves."

In short, Dr. Meitner in Stockholm saw in her mind's eye what Otto Hahn had missed in his laboratory lenses in Berlin: he must have split the atom!

Her mental picture of this division was so like the one biologists see when bacteria multiply that she called it by the same name: fission.

Acting on faith in her intellect alone, with no experimental evidence to support her, Dr. Meitner wrote, in company with her nephew, a letter to the British journal, *Nature*. Published in the issue of February 11, 1939, under the heading, "A New Type of Nuclear Reaction," it said: "It seems possible that the uranium nucleus has only small stability of form, and may, after neutron capture, divide itself into nuclei of roughly equal size (the precise ratio of sizes depending on finer structure features and perhaps partly on chance), these two nuclei will repel each other and should gain a total kinetic energy of around 200 million electron volts."

Before the letter got into print, Frisch returned to Copenhagen from his Stockholm holiday. There he gave the news to Bohr, who was just about to sail for the United States. Here Bohr passed the word to researchers in American laboratories, who quickly confirmed that when uranium was bombarded with neutrons, the splitting atoms released the energy Dr. Meitner had predicted from Einstein's famous equation: $E = mc^2$.

There is a moral to this story. It lies in O. R. Frisch's words: "It took her a while to make me listen." Even now, at the age of eighty, Lise Meitner has the power to make people listen. The determination that bars discussion of her own epochal contribution to human thought operates automatically in all directions. It keeps her young in spite of the years. It lends a lightness to her walk, a straightness to her back that belies a slight bend of the shoulders. It is a built-in habit, grown strong through exercise.

Contrary to what might be supposed from prevailing custom in this country, it required no willpower on young Lise Meitner's part to persuade her parents that science was a proper career for a girl to contemplate. Her father, a prominent lawyer in Vi-

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enna, encouraged all three of his daughters to be equally interested with his five sons in study of the natural sciences. Shy, serious Lise was attracted to the then new discoveries in radioactivity by Henri Becquerel and the Curies. A doctorate in physics at the University of Vienna was almost a matter of course. But when Dr. Meitner presented herself to the famous Max Planck at the University of Berlin in 1907 as a prospective auditor of his lectures in physics, "He said, 'You have a doctor's degree, what more do you want?' "

Another listener to Planck's teachings was Otto Hahn, a young German chemist. He invited Lise to work with him at the Emil Fischer Institute for Chemistry. But because she was a woman, Fischer refused to allow her to go upstairs to the laboratories where Hahn performed his experiments. She was put in a carpenter shop in the basement—a cluttered, damp, and often cold place where she spent many lonely but satisfying hours in measurement of the atomic structure of two naturally radioactive elements: radium and thorium. Later Hahn moved down to the basement and equipped a chemical laboratory there to enable them to work together. Within five years the same Max Planck who had greeted her so skeptically appointed her as his assistant at the Max Planck Institute of Theoretical Physics. And in 1917, after her reputation for brilliance was fully established, Emil Fischer finally allowed her to enter the upstairs laboratories of his Institute—as head of her own physics section. It was there that she and Hahn, in the study of beta decay, began the experiments which ended only after Dr. Meitner had to flee Hitler's persecution of the Jewish people.

In Sweden this indomitable lady found freedom and honor. The Nobel Institute of the University of Stockholm provided her with a laboratory. The Swedish Academy of Sciences elected her as its only living woman member. From her native Vienna came the Max Planck Medal. From the United States came offers of visiting lectureships (at Catholic University in 1946, in 1959 at Bryn Mawr), and honorary degrees (from Smith, Rutgers, Syracuse, and Adelphi).

Full as her life has been, no one has the prerogative to lengthen it, as one recent news reporter inadvertently did. Just a trace of indignation entered her voice after she read the item. "Why I'm not eighty-two, I'm eighty!" she said with a mathematical precision that every woman will understand.

—Roberta Silman.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

WHAT THEY ARE TEACHING YOUNG SOVIET DOCTORS

This Translation of a Russian Professor's Notebook Emphasizes Old Fashioned Sympathy for the Patient

THE question—do we treat the disease or the patient?—has been asked on many occasions and for a long time, but we still have to concern ourselves with it today.

We often tend to concentrate our attention on some organ or other and to speak of its diseases, although pathological physiology has shown us that in the disrupted function of an individual organ there is always a response by the body as a whole. This unity of the body also includes the psychic sphere. Later on we shall deal scientifically with typical pictures of diseases, but without dismissing from our minds for one moment the fact that "there is no sickness in a man but there is a sick man."

Disease and the environment constitute an indivisible entity; to treat them separately is to fall into a profound methodological error. When leaving medical school nowadays, the doctor may not begin his medical career without having gained an unmistaken notion of disease as a social phenomenon.

For practical purposes, the patient is an individual with some disorder of his bodily function and of his ability to work. The patient himself always imagines himself to be a complex of subjective sensations and mental experiences. This accounts for the vagueness which we often meet in the patients' complaints: "somewhere inside" they can feel something: "it isn't a pain nor is it a burning sensation": they cannot translate their sensations accurately into words.

Of course, all patients do not react in the same way to their sensations. A lot depends on their type of nervous system. People with an optimistic makeup often ignore their sensations for a long time; they do not lose their spirits even in serious illnesses. The patient with the pessimistic outlook rapidly withdraws into his own innermost world when he is ill; he is pursued by all manner of depressing ideas; how long must he endure this misfortune which has overtaken him—perhaps it will turn into a chronic condition—how will he and his family carry on—will he live? In this way the patient creates new symptoms; becoming pessimistic, he ceases to believe in the diagnosis made by the doctor who is treating him, he does not believe that they are telling him the truth about his condition; he suspects that they are hiding something from him and he is ready to refuse the services of his, up to now, "dear, kind, and attentive doctor."

This type of patient is well described by the neat phrase: "Every patient suffers from his illness plus fear." The emotions of fear are highly individual: a simple cold in the head causes some patients to be much more afraid than others with really serious illnesses.

The doctor is making a great mistake if, in examining the patient, he confines himself to percussion and auscultation and to writing a prescription and does not concern himself with the patient's mental state. Every disease affects the mind to some extent, and the mind, in turn, affects the course of the disease. Although he is logical and sober in relation to all other questions, the patient loses his logic or shows a lack of it in relation to himself. This is not abnormal psychology but the psychology of the human patient.

The mind of the human patient is very susceptible to outside influences. He looks around for something to bolster up his courage, reassure himself and imbue himself with faith in his recovery. He craves reassuring conclusions from the doctor, and is afraid of discouraging ones. He cannot stand vague answers. The conditional "if" does not satisfy him. He wants only a categorical answer from the doctor, one without any conditions or beating about the bush.

The patient's thoughts are in accordance with those sensations and ideas which make him aware of his

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illness. The patient is disturbed about a pain in the shoulder, for example, and the thought arises in his brain that a paralysis of his arm is imminent. A headache must inevitably lead to insanity. And intercostal neuralgia—this is either angina pectoris or, not quite so serious, tuberculosis of the lungs.

THESE are not absurd conclusions for the patient. There is nothing absurd in the idea that he should regard pains in the stomach not as neuralgia of the solar plexus, which is quite unknown to him, but as cancer of the stomach about which he had heard so much and so often. It should be pointed out that, thanks to his general and health education, the patient is now able to make use of the encyclopedia when necessary. Not understanding the finer details, he extracts, to his cost, the medical information. The neurotic, feeling the beating of his heart, must inevitably make the diagnosis of heart disease, and as a result of this diagnosis the ideas will be created that his life is going to be brief but terrible.

The patient is inclined to talk about his illness to anyone he meets; he always finds a case which boils down to his own condition. It is often necessary to point out how misleading it is for such patients to take notice of conversation with persons who, in their opinion, have "exactly the same complaint" and who say that "perhaps they, too, won't get better." Particularly dangerous are conversations at the polyclinic while awaiting their turn. We are reminded here of the sensible idea of some doctors of putting in their waiting rooms a notice: "Please do not discuss your complaints with each other."

When he is not cured as quickly as he would like, the despairing patient begins to wander from one doctor to another. Some try in this way to confirm the first doctor's diagnosis by that of the second. Others hold the view that one head may be good but two are better. Yet others, to use the specific expression of the patient, say "they are clutching at straws," although in the great majority of cases nobody believes them to be drowning. These "clutchers" will listen to any hearsay advice even so far as having dealings with quacks.

There are patients who are ashamed of their complaint. This is particularly so with venereal diseases. The work which is being put into health education is aimed at removing this shame, since it interferes with treatment. The shame of these diseases lies, as we know, not in the diseases themselves but in the situation in which they are usually contracted. However, some patients may show spurious shame on account of the presence of diseases such as tuberculosis of the lungs and epilepsy.

The patient's passivity resulting from the loss of his will-power will sometimes lead him to the state where he decides to let the disease run its course. The diabetic patient will refuse to conform to his diet. The patient with pulmonary tuberculosis will ignore his prescribed regimen, justifying himself by the view that in any case he cannot live long and forgetting the successes which medicine has gained in the struggle against tuberculosis. This loss of will-power interferes with the appetite and with digestion, sleep, and so on, and his general condition deteriorates.

It is the duty of the doctor always to try to unravel this complicated tangle and thereby more easily gain entrance into the patient's inner mind. However, this penetration into the mental sphere of the patient for therapeutic purposes must be carried out skilfully. It must not have the contrary result that the patient develops new terrifying thoughts about his condition.

Does it not arouse our indignation when a patient with a malignant constriction of the larynx, having great difficulty in breathing and swallowing, receives no other consolation from his doctor than the heartless remark: "Yes, it's a very nasty sign!" Only a doctor submerged in routine, with a heart devoid of feeling, would within the hearing of all dictate for inclusion in the records: "There is dilatation of the heart, the aorta is dilated to six centimeters, pulsation markedly sluggish. . . ." Nor should a patient, alarmed by subjective sensations, hear the doctor exclaim: "Oh! two hundred and eighty maximum pressure, pulse tense!"

Soviet medicine must not allow diseases in the pathogenesis of which the doctor is responsible!

The present-day Soviet doctor knows very well that it is of the utmost importance to sympathize with the patient whom he is treating. The "impersonal" doctor must be abolished, and the sooner the better, if we want to put our treatment of the workers on the highest possible level of quality, particularly in the early stages of an illness.

The former family doctor knew accurately the state of health of every member of the families whom he served. He visited them not only when somebody was ill but also when they were all healthy, acting the part of the present-day adviser on health and hygiene. When it was necessary, he called in a specialist. Between the family doctor and the members of the families of which he was in medical charge, there was established that intimate contact which is so desirable in the doctor's work.

Except in cases of accident when it may take place anywhere and at any hour, the meeting of the doctor and the patient is usually in the outpatient clinic, in the hospital, at the doctor's home during his consulting hours, or at the patient's home. In addition we all have unforeseen calls at any time of day or night. Here we do not have some personal matter to consider at leisure. The attitude of those who call is quite emphatic: "Hurry, doctor, the patient is dying!"

Of course, the patient is not dying in all these cases. There are those in which it is only a false alarm. How should we act? Are we to be convinced that it is a false alarm only after attending to the imaginary dying man? There can be no dilemma before the Soviet doctor: to go or not to go in response to such a call? Paraphrasing the pat aphorism: "It is better to acquit twenty guilty persons than to condemn one who is not guilty," we say: "better to go many times to a false alarm than to refuse to go once to a real patient in need of urgent help."

—DR. G. S. PONDOEV
in "Notes of a Soviet Doctor,"
(Consultants Bureau, Inc., $4.95).

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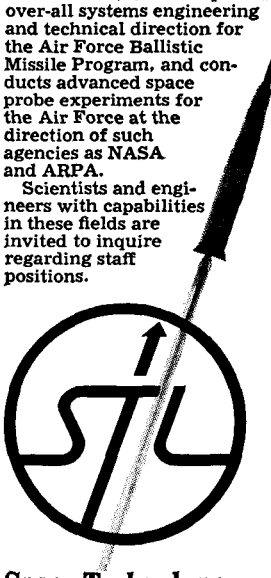

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Johns Hopkins.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

To endless confusion about the effects of radioactivity on ourselves and our progeny? We have certainly followed that road throughout the fifteen years since explosion of the first A-bomb. At the beginning of that era, the annual maximum permissible dose of radiation for workers regularly exposed to it was fixed at a numerical index of thirty. Ten years ago the index was halved, to fifteen. Today the index is down to a third of that half—five. Yet despite this growing acknowledgement of danger, a long procession of scientific studies, experimental reports, laboratory analyses, and Congressional hearings compounding and distilling all of those together, science cannot say with one consistent voice where the peril begins, in what progression it grows, and how it can be controlled without destroying the benefits of atomic medicine.

By RUSSELL H. MORGAN

(Johns Hopkins University)

IN ITS recent report to the Surgeon General, the National Advisory Committee on Radiation recommended that research relating to the biological effects of ionizing radiation be increased substantially. It called particular attention to the need for emphasis on research which has a direct bearing on the development of standards of radiation protection. In doing so, the Committee in no way wished to deprecate present-day standards. On the contrary, it recognized that current standards are the result of long and careful evaluation of scientific data by many of the most able scientists of this country. However, the scientific data on which standards of radiation protection have been based are quite incomplete. In spite of enormous efforts which have been made over the years to gain by research a full understanding of the influence of radiation on biological phenomena, large and important gaps in our knowledge remain. This is particularly so where radiation doses are small and protracted over lengthy periods of time. There is still, for example, much uncertainty regarding the quantitative relationship which exists between dose and biological effect for both the somatic and genetic changes which radiation creates in the individual. Very few data are yet available which give a clue to the nature of the dose vs. probability function for such radiation-induced states as leukemia, bone tumors, thyroid carcinoma, and cataract. Also detailed data showing the influence of such important secondary factors as age, sex, nutrition, dose rate, photon or particle energy, and a host of additional biological and physical factors on this function are very meager indeed.

From the foregoing, it is evident that every effort should be made to intensify the investigative activity in this field and to pursue it under circumstances such that maximum utilization may be made of the available scientific resources of the country.

At this point, one may reasonably ask two questions: What research, specifically, should be intensified? And how can one achieve maximum utilization of this nation's scientific resources in practice?

In answer to the first question, it appears that since the research is needed for the support of programs in radiation control and since these programs are dependent in large measure on the soundness of standards of radiation protection, much of the research emphasis must be directed along lines which will be of value to those concerned with recommending and promulgating protection standards. Of course, it can be immediately pointed out that since there is so much that is yet to be known regarding the biological effects of ionizing radiation, any research in this field will be of value. Although this is, in general, true, it is also true that research undertaken with the objective of finding a solution to one or more specific problems in the standards field is more likely to be of practical value in a radiation control program than research that is not so oriented. By this, it should not be implied that there should be a general abandonment of fundamental research in radiobiology in favor of so-called applied research. Such would be folly of the worst kind. However, if substantial progress is to be achieved in a short time, the research must be identified with those specific areas where important gaps in our radiobiological knowledge exist.

In answer to the second question, it may be worthwhile to examine an historical example where a concerted effort was needed for the solution of an important scientific problem. A few years ago, the incidence of anterior poliomyelitis had reached a level where there was urgent need for the development of a vaccine for the immunization of the population against the disease. From the turn of the century, a substantial number of investigators had built up a considerable body of information on poliomyelitis virology. Large sums of money had supported this research. However, even as late as 1950, many important gaps still existed in knowledge of the disease's immunology—gaps which held back the development of a successful preventative. About this time, with the assistance of the National Polio Foundation, the nation's poliomyelitis research was organized under the guidance and leadership of a group of able scientists who kept the polio research effort under continuous review and who thereby were able to call attention to those areas of investigation which especially demanded attention. Because of its stature and recognized wisdom, the group was also able to exert a strongly constructive influence on the scientific community so that that research which was most likely to be effective was vigorously promoted and supported. The success of this endeavor is well known to everyone.

IT IS interesting to review the manner in which the scientists assembled by the National Polio Foundation were so effective in giving leadership to the scientific community. A large part of the credit for the undertaking probably should go to such able investigators as Kenneth F. Maxcy of The Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health and Thomas W. Rivers of the Rockefeller Institute. Through their efforts, the Foundation brought the scientists together into what was later to be called the organization's Immunization Committee, to continuously review the nation's research performed in the field of anterior poliomyelitis. From time to time the Com-

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. . . clearing the radioactive underbrush

Beneath the minor contradictions has lain a major one. Responsibility for guarding the American people against radiation has been in the hands of the Atomic Energy Commission, which is charged by the Congress to think first about protecting the country from external invasion. If questions of health were to interfere with the making of bombs, could the bomb-makers do anything other than proceed with the bombs willy-nilly?

Two years ago SR/Research published an appeal by Congressman Chet Holifield, of California, to end this ambivalence. Recently, his suggestion has been repeated by a National Advisory Committee on Radiation appointed by the U. S. Surgeon General. Enforcement of radiation controls, the Committee said after eighteen months of inquiry, should be put in the hands of the U. S. Public Health Service. Below, in a lightly edited version of a paper first read at a Radiological Health Conference in Denver in mid-April, the Committee chairman, Dr. Russell H. Morgan, professor of radiology at Johns Hopkins University, describes the research frontier that must be cleared before protection against radiation can become real.

mittee assembled the principal investigators for an exchange of ideas and for guidance in an atmosphere of intimate communication. In the beginning, some of the investigators were apprehensive lest the so-called guidance given by the Committee might develop into undesirable interference in their research. However, the Committee skilfully avoided such implication and, instead, stimulated the many scientists to a high level of productive collaboration. The leadership provided by the Committee set the stage for attainment of important scientific goals in an incredibly short period of time.

Now, what does this have to do with radiobiological research? It appears that the current investigative effort in radiobiology is at a similar stage to that which prevailed more than a decade ago in the field of anterior poliomyelitis, and two decades ago in the field of atomic energy. Liberally supported research for many years has provided a substantial body of scientific data concerning the biological effects of ionizing radiation. However, this body of data is still quite incomplete and considerable effort is required to fill the many gaps in our knowledge of this subject.

THE existence of gaps in scientific knowledge is, of course, not necessarily the cause for concern. However, when these gaps occur at a time when their existence creates public apprehension, they deserve the immediate attention of the scientific community. The public's apprehension in matters of radiation safety is well known. It is also well known that this apprehension is related to uncertainties in knowledge of radiobiological phenomena. It therefore appears that serious consideration must be given to the organization of radiobiological research in a framework which will assure maximum utilization of our available scientific resources, particularly those of manpower and also those of funds, in order that these uncertainties may be removed at the earliest possible time.

It seems that much benefit would accrue if the nation's radiobiological research effort were under the guidance of a group of our ablest scientists who would keep the program under continuous review, stimulate work in those areas particularly needing attention, and foster intimate communication between investigators.

One may reasonably ask at this point where the initiative to establish such a group or committee should originate. Historical precedent indicates that it should come from the scientific community itself. In poliomyelitis and atomic energy research, the motivating force consisted of a small number of scientists who were acutely aware of the need of a concerted effort in the areas of research in which they were working. It therefore appears that in the case of the radiobiological problem, the leadership for an intensive research program should and must come from scientists who have been working in the field and who are able to give the scientific leadership which is needed. If an able group of such scientists can be found who will enthusiastically give guidance and constructive leadership to the nation's radiobiological research on a continuing basis, it seems certain that the large gaps which currently exist in our knowledge of radiobiology may close more rapidly.

IF A committee were established to guide the radiobiological research of this country, under whose auspices should it operate? I find myself unable to answer this question at the moment. One possible answer is the Division of Biology and Medicine of the Atomic Energy Commission or one of the components of the Public Health Service or a combination of the two. The committee, however, might operate more effectively and in a less inhibited manner if it were supported by an organization independent of the government. There are several large scientific foundations in this country which might provide an excellent climate for the committee's functions. In any case, the sponsoring organization should probably be one which has a reasonably close liaison with all of those agencies which contribute substantially to the support of radiobiological research in this country since it appears imperative that there be close coordination between the committee of scientists and the funding agencies.

I should like to say a word now about the conditions under which the committee should operate if it is to achieve its maximum potential. There can be little question that the committee must always meet in an atmosphere which permits completely candid discussion of the research problems at hand. Experience has shown that this requires that the meetings be open only to the members of the committee and their scientific guests. If the meetings of the committee were to be generally open and perhaps associated with scientific or public fanfare, an atmosphere would almost certainly develop which would prevent the free exchange of ideas and the constructive collaboration of one research team with another. It is remarkable how quickly the minds of scientists become closed when they know that their thoughts are on public display. This is a manifestation of a natural defensive mechanism. Since open-mindedness on the part of research scientists is essential to the achievement of maximum productivity, the need for the conduct of the committee meetings in a cloistered atmosphere cannot be overestimated.

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What's Left of Karl Marx?

Continued from page 14

usually spot the postulates of social thought. This does not mean we cannot be intelligent about our interests and especially about common interests. But what I learned from Marx is that not all interests are common and that even if we broaden our conception of interests, as he did not, they will not become common. We may, therefore, expect that conflicts of interests will in all likelihood continue even in collectivized societies where they will break out in new forms over distribution of the social product, social status, and social power. Marx's conception of the class struggle, despite its limited validity in depth in present society, has greater historical validity in reach than he himself anticipated. More important, however, than the existence of conflicting interests is the way they are negotiated or settled—either by force, open or concealed, or by the democratic process. This reinforces the significance of the mode of political decision.

Third, at a time when we hear so much about the inherent wickedness of man and human nature when the assumptions of "crisis theology" crop up in more and more fields—partly as a consequence of lost illusions and foolish earlier beliefs in man's inherent goodness—we will still find that Marx's views about human nature, his denial that it is a historical constant, has a serviceable cutting edge. We will discover that many of our assumptions about men, their motives, incentives, and modes of experience are largely conditioned by existing social institutions and traditions. They do not operate like unchanging laws of nature. They change slowly but they have changed and may change in virtue of controlled changes that *we* introduce in the social conditions of human behavior. Although his observations were fragmentary, Marx recognized that a substantial aspect of what we call normal psychological perception or normal psychological reaction is framed within the perspectives of a social or cultural psychology.

Fourth, Marx seems to me to be one of the initiators of scientific sociology using crude but fruitful analytical methods to indicate how the way people make their living, the role they play in production, influences their conceptions of what they need, the objects and manner of their consumption, their hopes, ambitions, ideas of happiness, even their notions of man, the universe and history. It is commonplace to say that bourgeois values—the cash-nexus—operates throughout our society, that "money talks." But I believe we are still unaware to what extent money, which can buy everything but brains and self-respect, talks where it has no business to be, even in philosophy. There is not only a fetishism of commodities in which men's "own social actions take the form of objects," which rule them instead of being ruled by them. There is also a fetishism of social forces that makes men imagine that war, unemployment, poverty, and all varieties of despotism and social inequalities, are decrees of fate or chance or part of the eternal order of things before which men are helpless. Marx's critical sociology can be used to liberate us from other kinds of fetishism, which are derivative from the fetishism of commodities.

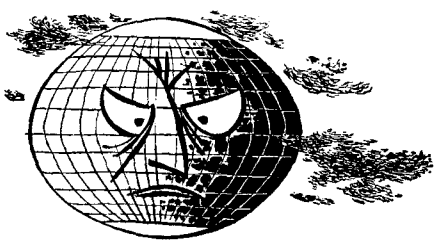
Fifth, and growing out of this, I still find both congenial and valid Marx's rationalism. This was expressed in his belief in "scientific" socialism that, however crudely misunderstood and applied, seeks to base our judgment and action in social affairs on scientific knowledge. "Scientific" socialism, if it is really scientific, must in the nature of the case like all science be revisionist. Marx's rationalism is also expressed in his belief that on the basis of this knowledge man can *plan* his society, even if never completely, even if because of plurality of factors, he cannot completely control its history. The contemporary revival of irrationalism in theory and practice, the passionate opposition to the concept and philosophy of planning even by those who perforce must plan for political reasons, measures the continuing relevance of some of Marx's ideas.

Sixth, and last, although I could go on for a long time, I still find Marx's humanism, derived from Feuerbach to whom he did *not* discharge his proper intellectual debt, a vital and much needed ideal in the world today. There are many facets of Marx's humanism. His conception of the whole man, his distrust of overspecialization and excessive division of labor, his concern with human alienation and his view that it can be overcome by creative fulfillments through uncoerced work, are highly pertinent to the problems of mass culture. It is true that they are crude and undeveloped and that Marx blamed capitalism for some things which flowed from the existence of industrialization and urbanization. But he saw the problems.

THESE are still some of the living kernels in the ideas and ideals of Marx. Twenty years or so ago I hoped that some movement would develop out of them. I wrote: "As a program of social activity in behalf of socialist ideals, fortified by the lessons of experience, rearmed with deeper moral and psychological insights and prepared to learn what it really means to be scientific, these ideas still constitute a promising social philosophy." But I doubt that any movement can now succeed in the West, which cuts itself off from existing democratic movements and calls itself Marxist. Marx believed that democracy should be the instrument by which socialism is to be developed; today we must conceive of socialism only as the instrument by which democracy must be extended. To the extent that they are valid Marx's ideas and ideals have either entered into one or another present-day discipline or organization or can do so. But I regard it as a grave historical political error to permit the Communists to claim Marx as their own. Marxism is one of the best standpoints from which to criticize Communism.

What I find still living in Marx when I reread him is Marx, the rebel, the man who feared the state even as he saw the necessity for it, the socialist thinker who denounced barracks socialism as the enemy of human freedom, who placed great emphasis on the courage and dignity of the working class (which he extravagantly said valued these things more than its daily bread), the Utopian *malgré lui,* the Feuerbachian, the scientific humanist and rationalist, the man of intellectual independence whose favorite motto was a line from Dante: "Follow your own course and let people talk!"

Our greatest tribute to Marx seems to me to be to criticize his ideas and press on to develop on the basis of that criticism better and more adequate ideas in the unending quest for a better society.



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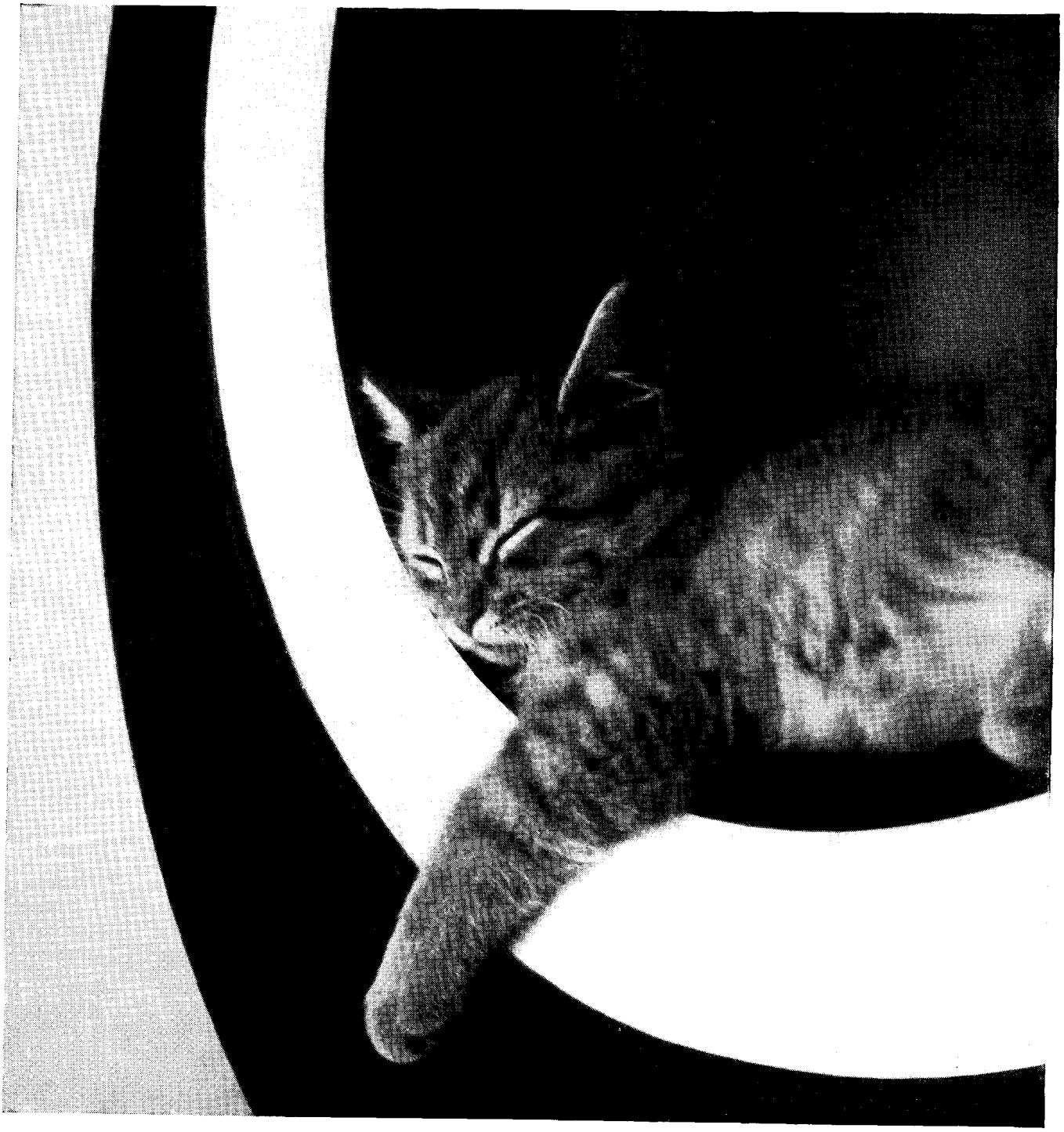

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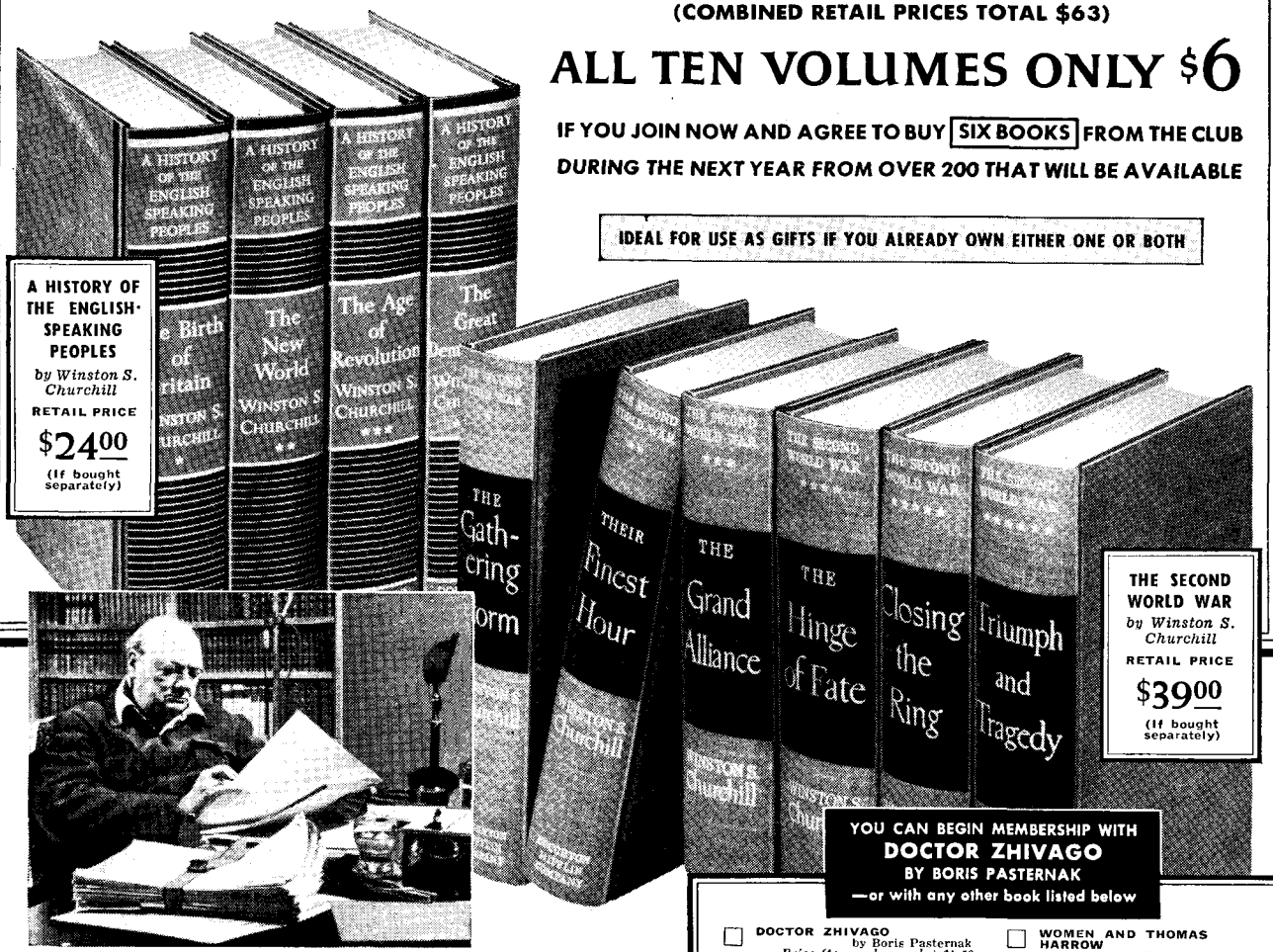

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